

Coates, James.

Has W. T. Stead returned ?

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*W. T. Stead*

# PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA

SUBSTANTIATED BY RELIABLE WITNESSES

RECORDED IN

## Has W. T. Stead Returned?

By

JAMES COATES, Ph.D., F.A.S.

Author of

"Self Reliance," "Seeing the Invisible," "Photographing  
the Invisible," "The Practical Hypnotist," etc., etc.

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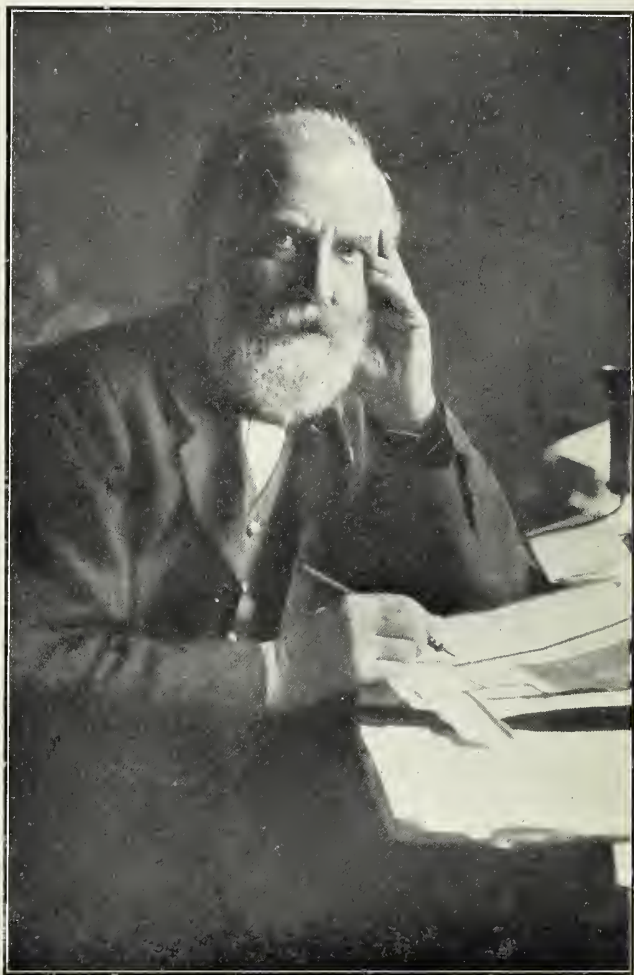
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# HAS W. T. STEAD RETURNED ?

A SYMPOSIUM

EDITED BY

JAMES COATES, Ph.D., F.A.S.

AUTHOR OF "HUMAN MAGNETISM," "SEEING THE INVISIBLE,"  
"PHOTOGRAPHING THE INVISIBLE," "SELF-RELIANCE," ETC., ETC.

*Illustrated.*

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## PREFACE.

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Mr. Coates has asked me to write a few words as a Preface to this little symposium. I do so with delight, as I firmly believe it will not be many years before the truth of the possibility of the return of the so-called dead is an established fact, and people will look back in wonder at this age of scepticism, doubt, and unbelief.

This work is but the beginning; and it brings with it the assurance of a great comfort to all who love and long to speak with their dear ones who have passed on before.

Of all that great host from the "Titanic," my Father's return is the most apparent. Why? Because he opened up the way while here, and passed over prepared with the full knowledge that he could return, and returning would find many ready and longing to welcome him and acknowledge his presence. That many others have also tried is certain, and a few have been

successful. But to the great majority of those who passed over on that April night, the way has not been open and they have found no answering recognition when they tried to make their presence known. That these messages do not all bear the impress of my Father's style is true, but some of them do and in a marked degree. When one thinks of the variety of the instruments used, and my Father's ignorance as to how to use them, and the necessity for him to learn, one wonders that he has achieved so much. As he wrote in a definite message to the Bureau Circle on June 2nd:

“When I see now for myself the extraordinary difficulties in getting messages through from this side, I marvel not that we got so little in all our searchings when I was with you but that we got as much as we did. For it is you, your conditions, which make the barrier. Preconceived ideas sticking like wedges in our minds, prejudices and superstitions, all, all these must be hammered and battered down before the two worlds can realise that they are one and the same, and can combine to express what, more than ever, I find to be the supreme purpose of all existence, the *realisation of the Divine in the Human* by the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer. Let this be our motto still, and God

helping us we will achieve mighty things and prove alike, to laborious Science which questions sternly in search of Knowledge—and to sorrowing humanity, which only asks for the sake of Love, that **THERE IS NO DEATH.**”

All who read the messages contained in this symposium, received as they were in all parts of the globe, and therefore, making all idea of connivance ridiculous and impossible, will feel the same urgent call ringing like a clarion note throughout.

For my father I thank all who have enabled him to give these messages, and especially Mr. Coates for all the infinite trouble and care he has taken to collect them and send them out to the world. I wish also to thank all those who have come forward to testify to the certainty of my Father's return, when to see, hear, and say nothing would have been so much easier in many cases.

ESTELLE W. STEAD.

Oct. 8th, 1912.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

In the following pages I have gathered some evidence that messages have been sent by William T. Stead from the other side. He has sent them by all modes known to him on earth, and they have been accepted as true and genuine by those who knew him best.

While I have nothing to say directly about Spiritualistic organisations, societies, and modes of propaganda, I wish to state two simple facts and the lesson to be drawn from them. For many years Mr. Stead each morning withdrew from public activities and placed his hand at the disposal of Julia and others for automatic writing. In the course of this experience he found proof after proof of sub-conscious psychic action, stimulated by Intelligences in the Invisible, as well as by dwellers in the body, who equally unseen and apart used his hand. From this development of his own psychic powers he became a convinced Spiritualist. This was by no means all. Apart from the development of this special attainment of psychic power, by



which he wrote "wiser than he knew," he attained extraordinary powers of prophetic insight. Even prominent journalists, who condemned the man and his outspoken and wholly unconventional and perhaps revolutionary journalism, had to admit his extraordinarily correct—if uncanny—prophetic gift.

He was a Spiritualist not only because of his private personal experience, and intercourse with Intelligences in the Invisible, of whom Julia was, in many cases, the controlling agent in the Other World state. But his personal awareness of Other World relations was enhanced by the private circle which met week after week, long before and leading up to the actualisation of the famous "Julia's Bureau"—of which he was the chief, if not the embodiment. He met with a few trusted psychics weekly, through whom also he had corroborating evidence of the reality of Spirit Return. Herein, at least, lay two sources of his profound convictions:

- (a) Those based on his own development;
- (b) Those which arose from knowledge obtained at the private circle.

As the outcome of his personal knowledge, seconded by the experiences of the private circle composed of tried and trusted persons, Mr. Stead—at a personal sacrifice unheard of in the history of Spiritualism—founded and financed out of his own pocket the late Julia's Bureau in 1909.

As the true history of that Bureau will yet be written by other and more competent hands,

it does not concern us here, but what does is the fact that his knowledge was personally acquired, and the supreme importance of the private circle.

My summing up of the whole is—Had there been no Julia's Bureau, the outcome of that private circle once held, Mr. W. T. Stead, would not have been able to return so convincingly to those who truly knew him, and had there been no Rothesay Circle these pages would never have been written.

Mr. Stead has manifested several times in Glenbeg House since his departure from the physical body. He had no dear ones here; none in familiar touch with him in life; no personal, faithful and devoted employees, why then of all places should he have manifested in Rothesay, and used comparatively obscure persons to send his message to the world?

I do not know, but I can surmise, and suggest the following:—

Mr. Stead *knew* I was in sympathy with the Spiritualistic side of his varied and complex character; he knew too that Mrs. Coates was a psychic whom he had more than once tested, and I also presume he knew, if he demanded that I should send his message to the world, this would be done. We should act—once convinced the message was from him—regardless of the consequences. This was not all. As he himself had been convinced from personal experience, so had we. As he also had been confirmed in his experience by the private circle,

so had we. My earliest experience in Spirituallism took place over forty years ago, and for seventeen years a private—not promiscuous—circle had been held in our home.

So far then we were in sympathy. Here, as in London, there were prepared instruments, and Mr. W. T. Stead not only used Mrs. Coates, but myself, to send that characteristic message broadcast. True I withheld that message for a few days, *till it was submitted to Councillor John Duncan of Edinburgh and Mr. Reid of Rothesay to verify its correctness* before it was sent to the Press by the former. In the interval between the reception of that message on the 26th of April, and its transmission all over the globe, I notified the Editor of *Light* as follows:—

“Sir,—I have been requested by Mr. John Duncan, of Edinburgh, and the friends and members of the Rothesay Circle, to state that at a seance held on Friday, April 26th, Mrs. Coates was controlled by Mr. W. T. Stead.

“We learned from the message given that if no man is indispensable, it is indispensable that all men should be faithful to the trust committed to them; fearing none, devoted to all. Thus the message delivered was, while characteristic of the man, most valuable.

“As requested by the Circle held on Sunday evening the 28th, I beg to intimate that we believe Mr. Stead has been to us, and that he has declared his intention of communicating again. His last message—going down to ages to come, through the ‘Titanic Disaster,’ was more potent

and arresting than any he might have delivered in New York. Never were death, life and immortality so suddenly, appallingly and powerfully pressed on the attention of mankind as they were by wireless telegraphy during that fateful week. Never was 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' so strikingly impressed on the thoughtless millions. Never was Spiritualism more forcibly and truly advocated than by the transition of that heroic, honest and noble soul, W. T. Stead, who feared no man and never spared himself."—Yours, etc.,

JAMES COATES.

Glenbeg House,

Rothsay, April 29th, 1912.

The foregoing is produced as evidence that the message given on that date was not an afterthought. Still I little suspected at the time that that message would be so fully and so strikingly corroborated. For those who fail to see the inspiration of Mr. Stead either in this message or those subsequently received, I have to little say of a convincing nature. I, however, wish to emphasise that Stead, as we knew him on earth, of the powerful brain, masterful intellect, and unsurpassed genius, is a totally different person from that reflection of him seen in the imperfectly secured communications through media who are inferior in brain, force and spirit to himself; nevertheless in divers ways his impress is there, and we see similar lines of thought running through them all.

As Miss Harper, Mr. Stead's private Secretary, in a recent communication has truly said: "I know so well the difficulty of conveying in outer language the vivid, swift and lightning-like impressions and evidences of the controlling personality (whether at the speaking, writing or impression); but Mrs. Coates must feel happy that she has been one of the first chosen to give his greetings to the world, which he *knows so well* is waiting for any and every proof of his continued existence."

To the bulk of mankind W. T. Stead is dead. Nevertheless, "he was the last person who would admit he was dead, and would object"—as the Rev. Herbert Stead said at the Memorial Meeting held in Queen's Hall, June 26th—"to be spoken of as dead, *for he is not dead but alive, more fully alive than ever.*" A statement which was greeted with a hearty round of applause.

In that vast audience there were many who were not only convinced from their own experience of the truth of Mr. Herbert Stead's statement, but who were willing to testify that he had made himself known to them since his transition. Of these witnesses the first and most important is Miss Estelle Stead. I produce the statements of a few out of many witnesses whose character, probity, and discernment would stand the most searching examination in a Court of Law, and to the whole I contribute my own personal experience.

There has been some delay in issuing this little work since Miss Stead wrote the Preface.

That has been due to the publishers—eleven in number—“who, with one consent, begged to be excused.” Mr. Stead has all along, by psychic modes, declared to Miss Stead, myself and others, notwithstanding these refusals—it would be published. His promise is now redeemed, and he found the means to do so. Miss Stead and I are indebted to a lady in Australia who, influenced by Mr. Stead, sent me a cheque—through Mrs. Bright, Editor of *The Harbinger of Light*—to have his wishes carried out. My readers will be left now to answer the question, after reading the evidence—

“HAS W. T. STEAD RETURNED?”

Glenbeg House, Rothesay.

July 1st, 1913.

JAMES COATES.

# HAS W. T. STEAD RETURNED ?

---

## CHAPTER I.

### **Mr. W. T. Stead Manifests in Rothesay.**

The first impressions and message received in Rothesay are as follows:—On the Monday following the “Titanic” disaster, Mrs. Coates became aware of an impression that Mr. Stead was drowned. This she told our son James and myself at the breakfast table. I hoped her impression was incorrect, and told her so—waiting patiently for the news which never came. On the afternoon of Sunday, April 21st, she felt the presence of Mr. Stead, but further than that there were no other indications. At night, however, during the usual sitting, a departed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, of Edinburgh, intimated that there were two spirits present—one of whom had met with a sudden and violent death. It was a good seance, the details of which have no place here, but one of the spirits was none other than Mr. Stead desirous of using Mrs. Coates’ mediumship.

What followed at the next seance was by Mr. Stead's request sent to the Press, and is now produced as one part of the evidence in favour of Mr. Stead's return.

Toward the close of a seance held on April 26th, in Glenbeg House, Mrs. Coates was suddenly influenced by a stranger. The sensitive was evidently struggling against some unseen force, and then appeared to swoon. Recovering, she suddenly got up and seized a lady, pushing her across the room, urged her to "get into the boat." One or two others were treated in like fashion, when the medium collapsed again. Naturally the minds of all reverted to the great disaster recently, amid icebergs, to the "Titanic." *What had taken place appeared to indicate impressions retained by someone departed.* The sensitive aroused, again cried:—

"O, God, pity us!" And then more subdued, "Thy Will be done." This was followed by the intense singing:—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

For a little the sensitive seemed to be completely quiescent, and then with triumphant fervour she sang:—

"Or, if, on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,  
Sun, Moon and Stars, forgot, upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."



Those who are familiar with the investigation of psychical phenomena know that there are many modes by which the departed make themselves known. So far, there was nothing, save what might be in the knowledge of all present, including the sensitive. We were still in ignorance as to the intelligence using the sensitive, concerning whom the foregoing dramatic action was a preliminary.

The sensitive, more calm, and more definitely under influence, said, "My dear friends, I know I have passed over. The past has been like a nightmare, with a sudden awakening."

"May I ask, who are you, friend?" enquired John Duncan (Deacon Convener, Edinburgh), who was present from the Kyles Hydro.

"I am Stead. I know where I am." The following are the statements made, transcribed from my shorthand notes:—

"I was here before, but could not manage to make my appeal to all God-fearing men and women for help. I wish to break in, as my message is urgent. I am afraid I shall not make myself sufficiently clear. Knowing those here and the work quietly carried on, I thought it easier to break in here than elsewhere.

"Could you but see the misery of those lost, as I saw them, your hearts would bleed for them. Called to part from all their cherished hopes, and from the new life which many of them looked forward to commence, to plunge into the terrors of the unknown—you would weep with and pray for them. May you all take the lesson out of

this sad catastrophe, that God intends you to take.

“Vaunt not in your riches and possessions on earth, the homage of men or the praise of kings, for all these things are as dross compared with the consciousness of the nearness of God; His infinite love and assurance of life immortal. Did you ponder on these things, your eyes would be opened to take the path you are intended to take. With clearer vision you would seek the Master, Christ, our Lord, and learn of Him.

“Many of those who passed into eternity with me, do not know where they are. It was a stunning blow and a terrific reversal of all their ideas and plans. Few there were who entertained thoughts of this life. Many were full of hopes of what was in store for them in the immediate future on earth; life was bright to many of them. Others were faithfully discharging duties when the call came with tragic swiftness. I was surprised, appalled, and yet assured. When the end came, it was with merciful painlessness. . . .

“Think of the lot of those so suddenly called to part with family and friends, their riches, or little possessions, buoyant hopes and fond anticipations of what the new world had in store for them, as they struggled into unconsciousness beneath, and on the benumbing sea. Had they heard the voice, ‘Be still, and know that I am God,’ they would have met their fate with calmer spirit and deeper faith in God who doeth all

things well. Think of it all, and let it burn in. Then with quickened souls pray for them.

“They went to death, and unto life. Pray that it yet may be revealed to them in fuller abundance. Pray, too, that mankind may be blessed, and the lives sacrificed shall not be in vain.

“There is a terrible work going on in your midst, and it behoves all to labour—while it is day—to save laden and helpless men, women, and children sinking in the moral slums of life, which pride, ignorance, greed, lust and indifference have made possible. On earth I did what I could. I know that no man is indispensable, but I have learned it is indispensable that each man be faithful to the trust committed to him. One is called—his task is done—but the work, which at its best was imperfect, will be carried on by hundreds of willing workers. The mission of Christ to the world is not hindered by persecutions, disasters, or the falling of the faithful. If my work on earth has been called in, there is work here I am able to do. Do not imagine for a moment that my work is done. Many who went under became quickly conscious of the change and are working to help others who are lost in confusion and darkness. It is terrible to witness the sad state of these. Pray for them. Send my message out to all who knew me, to pray for these poor souls. Rich or poor on earth, what does it matter; they have been cut off from all they looked upon as life.

Pray that they may be liberated and illuminated. Pray that they may see the light, which the love of God, and the devoted spirits with us, as well as the quickened souls on earth, are shining upon these wandering and distressed ones, that they may rise and enter upon the fuller life. I am free, as are many with me. There is a great work here. Will you help? Will you send the message and get others to help? Many of these suffering ones are nearer to you on earth than they are to the bright spirits above them. Come in thought and in prayer to help those suddenly torn away from all they held dear. Many will pray with those bereaved ones on earth, who have lost—as they think—their dear ones. Many will willingly give of their abundance to help their needs, but how few will think it necessary, helpful and sympathetic to pray for those thus plunged suddenly into eternity? I ask your prayers.

“It was at my request the band played ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee.’ Never was it played with more thrilling effect; never were the messages of life, death, and immortality, so fervently given to the world.

“When I became conscious, I saw her from whose heart was wrung, by affliction, the inspired words of this hymn. She was surrounded by a bright band of risen spirits, singing the hymn and illuminating the surroundings by the radiance of their presence. I saw ministering spirits, glorified spirits, helping the feeble ones whose bodies went down

with the vessel or perished in the numbing waters. They were arousing those, brave or terror-sticken, who had faced the reality. Many soon realised the great change had come, but the majority are as blind as bats. They cannot help themselves. Pray for them.

“Messages will be sent to many on earth from me. The work of my life on earth is continued here. If my methods were sometimes wrong, my aims were right. I sought to work for God, to uplift the fallen and protect the weak. Better to err striving to do the right than not to strive or lead the way. I cared not a rap for man; feared not what he could do to me, delivering the messages which were on my soul to deliver. I sought the good of all. I am working now.

“Messages will be sent later. Others will catch the vibrations. My son Willie is with me helping and strengthening me and working for others. Write and send this message broadcast, that those who receive it pray for those so suddenly cut off from the earth, and labour to make this great disaster a blessing to all.”

This message was widely circulated in a brief time by the Press in the United Kingdom, the United States, India, and Australasia, and it was a sign of the times that the majority of the papers producing it—whole or in part—did so without comment or quotation marks. A few papers ridiculed the message and its source. One thought Mr. Stead as a journalist would have

‘scooped a good thing’ by giving to the world a full account of what really did happen to the “Titanic” passengers and himself. Another thought it absurd that the communicator should intimate that he suggested the playing “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” to the leader of the band. Another paper professed to be righteously indignant about “trafficking in spirit communications,” and was, as usual, equally misinformed as to how they came and why.

Many good, well-meaning, and cautious persons—and, indeed, prudence itself—suggested that the message be confined to the Spiritualistic Press, but this would not comply with the request. It was not Mr. Stead’s way; and although the evidence was not, to my mind, at the time strong enough, I complied with the combined wishes of the communicator, Councillor John Duncan, and others, by consenting to publication.

I am now convinced the message was from Mr. Stead.

Shortly after the “Titanic” disaster Mrs. Coates got an impression from Mr. Stead—“My body will not be found. It has gone down with the vessel.” This came at a time when false rumours and Marconigrams were flying about. As a matter of precaution, as well as for future verification, while discussing the publication of the message with Mr. Harvey, editor of the *Rothsay Chronicle*, expressing my reasons for withholding it from the local Press, I told him and Miss Harvey the foregoing.

The "Titanic" was lost on April 14th, 1912. Mrs. Coates' impression was received on the 19th, and the foregoing Rothesay message on the 26th, and before it appeared in the British Press I told Mr. and Miss Harvey about Mr. Stead's body. Up to the penning of these lines his body has not been recovered. Shall we call this corroboration or an "accidental coincidence?" Corroboration certainly, with reason to conjecture the impression about the body came from Mr. Stead. Whether the Stead messages to the world are received or not, to me, as my face is turned to the setting sun of my earthly existence, I solemnly state my profound conviction that the foregoing message actually came from Mr. Stead. I am aware my convictions are not evidence, but I should say if the evidences for these messages are not valid, then the world has never had evidence of the survival of human personality.

#### STATEMENT OF THE REV. DR. CHARLES HALL COOK.

The Rev. Charles Hall Cook, Ph.D., B.D., of the Diocese of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., in a letter to me, dated May 25th, 1912, says: "Your request with the message from W. T. Stead received half hour ago. . . . Your work is far greater than you can ever imagine. The message is remarkable, the ethics and style of it just like Stead. Personally I am thankful for the message as I can point to it on the platform as wholesome ethical teaching."



THE SECOND MESSAGE RECEIVED IN ROTHESAY  
FROM MR. W. T. STEAD.

At the close of a seance held on May 3rd, 1912, we received another message from an Intelligence, purporting to be that of Mr. W. T. Stead. There was no dramatic excitement or rush which characterised the prior communication received from him on April 26th. I had just intimated the hope that, as the time was expiring, as the sensitive had been used long enough, she might be released and the seance brought to a close, when there was a marked change in the manner of the sensitive (Mrs. Coates) who, drawing herself up, said:—

“Good night, good night, I am sorry I could not manage in before. I understand these meetings close at a stated time. I am Stead, William T. Stead. I want to speak to you to-night. My message is urgent, and like my last given here will be corroborated. I wish to enlist your services, with that of others, as willing workers, eager for the fray. Be undaunted. Fear none, that the truth may be proclaimed. I am here. You know me. I will come again, and the world shall know that I am not dead.

“I ask your help, and the help of all God-fearing earnest souls in the work of making known the facts of Spirit Return.

“I again ask your prayers for those who have passed over, who are in distress and utter woe. Give your thoughts to them, and allow your



spiritual being—astral selves—to go and meet them where they are. The friendship of your souls, with that earnest kindly thought, which is true prayer, will help them. It is terrible to behold their sad state and slow awakening to the change which has come.

“I was glad to be able to give help to many on board, and in the brief time allotted to me, to counsel and pray with those whom I sought out. The work in which I was engaged in life, and which was to me the most important of all, and for which I sought helpers while in the body, I am still engaged in. A man who is convinced that he is of value to God, and to his fellow creatures, will look upon life differently from those who are downtrodden, have no hope, and for whom life beyond the tomb is of no interest. There are those here who have not awakened to the fact that they are of value. They are restless, distressed, and without hope. Many are quickly awakening. As light springs into their souls their first thoughts go out to those whom they have left on earth. Many of these will return, as I have done, to those whom they have left behind. Their thoughts will be with others.

“I was thoroughly convinced on earth, and knew the ‘Dead Returned,’ and I will still be able to convince others of the fact. I am pioneering the way for others, and rest assured that startling evidence will shortly be given to the world, of Spirit Return.

“I will not speak of my friends in Spirit-land, they are many, and I am surrounded by them.

I could not conceive, even faintly, on earth, what the joys of this life would be. The freedom is beyond expression; it is new life indeed. Such glimpses of my surroundings as I have been able to obtain are glorious beyond expression. Rejoice with me, although I cannot convey to you the fulness of my joy.

“What a change! A short time ago we were on the ‘Titanic,’ partaking of the comforts and luxuries provided. I had many opportunities for conversation, and for dwelling on the object of my mission. I noted that, as in the greater world, there was a great gulf fixed between those who possessed wealth, demanding luxuries, and for whom the mighty vessel was designed, and others there who were permitted to travel and serve on the same floating world. When in the ‘Titanic’s’ clutches, there was no gulf. Think of it, and let it burn into your souls. A terrific lesson on equality in the sight of God.

“Let there be no distinction in your thoughts for those who are with me, save that of need. There are many who are enlightened and were prepared, and they are happy and already at work labouring for the good of others. It is for those in the gloom I want you to pray. Help them, and those on our side will work strenuously and open their eyes to the great change—their birth into spirit life.

“My family know that I am with them. They knew me well enough to know that delay in making my presence known to them is not from want of affection, for we understand one another.

They have already realised my presence, but presently my existence will be demonstrated beyond doubt.

“My family have been in sympathy with me, and the work in which I was engaged will be carried out by them as if I was, as I will be, the guiding chief. They will be sustained in knowing that they are working for the good of mankind and carrying out the wishes of one whom they honoured as a loving father, a counsellor and friend.

“I may come again, but will be able through Julia's Bureau to give further evidence of the fact of Life beyond the tomb, and the work inaugurated there will become more marked than ever. The work attempted there, and with some success, will be greatly increased, and extended. Keep steadily on. Trust in God, who never fails, and do the right, and your meetings will prove greater blessings than they have been in the past. A blessing to all. Power is failing. Good-night.”

Then Mrs. Coates came to herself and declared that she had seen Mr. Stead, describing him thus:—

“I see him quite plainly. He is standing in front smiling, as if pleased to be understood. He seems taller and broader than papa (Mr. Coates), grey to white hair, slightly curly, and roughly brushed off his forehead; broad and high forehead; slightly bushy eyebrows, bright grey-blue eyes, so penetrating. They

seem to me to be more blue than grey; prominent nose with a slight droop, and full white beard and moustache. The beard is full and bushy. He seems to have on a steel-grey—I think it is a morning-coat, but it might be a jacket suit. I cannot tell, as I only see the full bust, but that of one in a standing position.”

This description is confirmed by published prints, but whether he had grey-blue eyes, more blue than grey, could only be decided by those who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Stead.

CONFIRMATION OF MESSAGES BY MISS HARPER,  
MR. STEAD'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Having had occasion to write Miss Harper on August 11th, I took the opportunity to send on a July copy of the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, which happened to contain the foregoing message. In her letter of August 13th, dated Cambridge House, Wimbledon, S.W., Miss Harper says:—

“It is very interesting that you are impressed to concentrate in your book upon evidences of Mr. Stead's return. Mr. Stead gave me a message to that effect a day or two ago, and *furthermore added that he would impress you to that effect himself*. He is *very anxious* that you shall focus public attention on that supreme fact. He even used the word *concentrate*, as you have done. To direct the attention of the reader to the general working of Julia's Bureau would perhaps take away from the power of the great announcement

MR. STEAD HAS RETURNED!

“Here are the proofs. The world is asking what, now? What has come of all this eager questioning—this exploration of the other world? He has gone thither himself. Will he come back to tell us that he still lives? And the answer is, He has returned. He longs to make this known.

“Yes, his eyes were vivid *light-blue*—much more blue than grey. I have at times seen a steely-grey flash, when he was concentrating hard on some mental or political problem. But in general they were a quite *light-blue*.

EDITH K. HARPER.”

To the intelligent reader comment on the foregoing confirmation of the messages and clairvoyant vision is not necessary. Since that last message was given, the striking evidences of Mr. Stead's return in his home are recorded further on. The message was given through Mrs. Coates on May 3rd. Mr. Stead himself appeared in the Julia Bureau room in Cambridge House, Wimbledon, *two days* later—viz., May 5th—*vide* Vice-Admiral Moore's testimony. Can any sane man suppose that there is no linking-up, directing intelligence, between the promise made in the message of May 3rd and the fulfilment on May 5th, and subsequently?

STATEMENT BY COUNCILLOR JOHN DUNCAN  
(Convener of Trades, Edinburgh Town Council) and MRS.  
DUNCAN, Dunearn House, Granton Road, Edinburgh.

As Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are reputable members of society, esteemed in the community

in which they live, and as they were present, and witnesses to the trance-address just presented, it is appropriate that they should be the first to contribute to this symposium.

“Friday evening, April 26th, will ever remain a memorable night to me. My wife, daughter, Mrs. S., and self met, as usual when at Rothestay, at sitting in Mr. and Mrs. Coates’ house. After having had some very interesting manifestations, Mrs. Coates appeared to be struggling against some unseen force. When somewhat recovered, she suddenly got up, seized Mrs. S., pushed her across the room, landing her on my daughter’s knee, urging her to ‘get into the boat.’ One or two others were treated in like fashion, when the medium seemed to be in a state of collapse. Calming down, she sang in a thrilling manner, two verses of the hymn, ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee.’ None of us present had any knowledge at the time who the Intelligence controlling the medium was. After finishing the two verses, the control, addressing us in clear and vigorous manner, said, ‘My dear friends, I know I have passed over. The past has been like a nightmare with a sudden awakening.’

“I, sitting next to the medium, said, ‘May I ask who you are, friend?’ The answer came, ‘I am Stead, I know where I am; I was here before.’ This is quite correct, and bears out what took place at our previous sitting (Sunday, April 21st), when Mrs. Coates was controlled by our daughter Lizzie, who has been in spirit life over thirty years. After talking for some time on

various topics, she said she would have to go, as there were two trying hard to get in. One of them had passed away in a sudden and tragic manner; the other she was helping, and he turned



MRS. COATES.

out to be a nephew who had passed over a few months previously, and spoke to us that evening for a short time. Mr. Stead said he 'wished to break in, as his message was urgent.'



I need not repeat that message—which I communicated to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* and other papers.

“The next Friday evening, May 3rd, the circle again met, my wife and I being the only ones not really members present. It was nearing the close, and after Mr. Coates had suggested that the sitting should be closed, when the medium drawing herself up, said :—

“Good night, good night, I am sorry but could not manage before ; I am Stead, Wm. T. Stead.

“This address, which has been correctly reported, left a deep impression. Mrs. Coates said she had seen Mr. Stead, and described him accurately as I have photos and prints of him.

(Signed) JOHN DUNCAN.

MARGARET DUNCAN.”



## CHAPTER II.

### **Trance and Auto-Script Messages.**

#### STATEMENT OF MR. H. BLACKWELL.

The writer of this contribution knew Mr. Stead during the last ten years of his life here, and has been present in Julia's Bureau when Mr. Stead was its visible director. He says:—

“ The Sunday following the fateful Sunday the writer attended a meeting in North London. A vision was given of a large concourse of people who had lost their lives in the ‘Titanic.’ They were eagerly listening to Mr. Stead. He afterwards controlled the sensitive and gave the following message, concluding with a personal greeting and handshake to a friend who was present: ‘I am not beneath the waves. I am here; and am rejoiced to have met so many of the old friends and pioneers. Although I had been consciously warned, I know now that I was on board for a special purpose, and I have fulfilled my mission. We had great difficulty in making the people understand that they had passed into the next world.’ The hand and fore-

arm of the medium were quite numbed and useless for over an hour afterwards, as she evidently took on Mr. Stead's last condition before he passed out of the body.

“Three days later—*i.e.*, April 24th—at a private seance in another part of London, Mr. Stead was again seen, and by two clairvoyants—Mrs. Harper and Mr. Robert King. By this time he had gained more power, and being with personal friends gave the following most interesting message, which I took down, word for word, at the time :—‘My love to you all (three times). I am so pleased to be with you. Am quite free ; but do not grieve, for I am so near to you it hurts me. Thank God it is all over. I did not suffer. I felt more enthused than ever before in my life. I felt the actual spiritual impulse. I did not feel leaving my body. How easy it is ! I remember falling, and was only slightly conscious of being in the water. After a few seconds of numbing feeling I was free, but surrounded by conditions which would try the heart of the strongest man who ever lived. Ringing in my ears was the refrain, “Nearer, my God, to Thee.” Yes, I suggested it should be played. Alas, the poor souls who knew nothing of it ! I instantly turned my attention to helping them. There was so much to do, and, as I expected, my life here will be one of activity. I want to thank you all for the great help you have rendered while out of the body. . . . I cannot say more, except that I desire to be photographed, Mr. Blackwell, as soon as it is possible.’

“ Then came Mr. Brailey, one of that devoted band who immortalised themselves in the annals of music by playing on till the last final plunge. The message was as follows :—

“ ‘ I am Brailey. I am so happy to be with you. I thank God that I knew something of this. [He is the only son of Mr. Ronald Brailey, the well-known medium.] Dear Mr. Stead was speaking on the subject frequently on board to numbers of people. Some of the ladies seemed to be somewhat horrified at the natural way he spoke of the spirit people. He went to bed very late. It was at his suggestion that we played ‘ Nearer, my God, to Thee ’ some moments before the boat went down. We had no suffering—only cold for a few moments. My father did not wish me to go on this voyage, but I thought it would be a good thing. I must go now. God bless you. Please let father know.’ ”

“ Captain Smith then said a few words, expressing his gratitude to Mr. Stead, who was the first to come to him on the other side.

“ I subsequently received the following note :— ‘ Mr. Stead has given me several messages since and transfigured one medium. He is very anxious about the peace of Europe,\* and these messages—at his request—have been sent to a friend of his to make use of. With good wishes, etc.’ ”

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\* The war in the Near East broke out in the Autumn, and Mr. Stead knew, as few in London knew, that the conflagration would soon take place, and not even the Powers could prevent it.

The only comment I propose to make on what occurred on April 24th is to point out the similarity of the statements given by persons so far apart, suggesting that it was the same Intelligence manifesting in different modes. Neither of the psychics referred to could have known of the message given through Mrs. Coates on April 26th, nor could we have known of Mr. Blackwell's experiences as he had not written to us.

#### STATEMENT BY MRS. FRITH OF STONE.

Mrs. Frith, is well known in Psychical Research circles as "one of the 7" in the curious cross-correspondence, which five years ago created some excitement. Since that time she had few communications till Sunday, April 23rd, 1912, when she received a call purporting to come from Mr. W. T. Stead. She did not know Mr. Stead in life. After prayer that morning, she sat and received the following auto-script, which I produce from copy. Later on I give my reasons for producing it verbatim.

#### A MESSAGE FROM W. T. STEAD.

"I felt myself impelled to take my pencil and sit for automatic writing, a thing I have not experienced for some months, and received the following message:—

(A few uncertain scrolls, and then——)

'Stead.'

"Semper eadem. It is true Stead is here wishing to communicate with you." (Script continues):

‘It is so difficult to understand it from the reverse side. Oh, now I see. Thank you for understanding—the human Marconigram—strange, strange, strange. Your guide and friend is here guiding me to your presence. I shall have much to communicate to you. You must hold yourself in readiness. It is more than a request, it is a command from souls who demand help and assistance. Probably you will not be asked to publish my words. I will find others for that, but I demand your help, your fluency.’

‘I ask, did you speak to me on Sunday?’

(Script.) ‘Yes, my friend led me to you, and, seeing the light, I spoke, and asked for prayers—more especially for those who are dark and miserable, blind and earth-bound. . . .’

‘Pray systematically for them and get what prayers you can from other loving and good hearts. You have been with us since some days ago helping us; do not cease your exertions.’

‘A letter to *Light* would be well. Give my words. Why do you doubt? You have hedged yourself round with a strong rampart against simulations. I wish:

‘That all psychic mediums would form a band to help this company of souls gone alive into the pit. Many are ready and rejoice in the change, and have gone onwards, but many are, as it were, sinking and suffering and suffocating in these unwonted surroundings. The atmosphere is dim and terrible around them. There are crowds of helpers endeavouring to reach their consciousness on this side, but they are so

strongly and recently earth-dwellers that more help can come for them from other charitable and willing earth-dwellers than from this side for the present.

‘I demand of you that this necessity be made public at once. If only you could see—Oh my friends, if only you could hear, you would hasten with your charity to the souls of the passed-over as eagerly and earnestly as you are hastening to the terrestrial need of their survivors.

‘Yes, send my words to *Light*, or send your own words, I care not how. I am W. T. Stead.

‘I will send, sign and seal by another hand. A faithless and perverse generation seeketh a sign.

‘The sign of the Prophet Jonah is enough for us, buried in the depths of the deep, the spiritual deep.

‘I am so anxiously engaged in trying to alleviate distress among these souls that I have scarce time to welcome my own beloved ones here beside me. I have pressed them into the service, as I now press you and all charitable and believing souls.’

“I ask what definitely is wanted.

(Script). ‘To have prayers sent up incessantly for peace and enlightenment, for guidance and development, for help and comfort to the dark, dim souls in the offing.

‘Those of you who are capable of it I implore to send your astral selves amongst us, to explain and instruct, to lead and guide, to teach the principles of the further life. Missionaries. That is what we want here. Missionaries.

‘Project your souls through space, and find us all. There will be an organised band, and each helper will be assigned his place and work at once. The conscious earth Ego may not even know that his spirit Ego is so employed, but send over to us and help us.

‘I will not attempt the transmission of names to you. I only send the message.

‘Take it. Send it. Spread it abroad in the name of God, in the name of Christ, in the name of all you hold holy, and just and good.

‘And now for the present I leave you and return to my work. All my dear friends on earth I salute with such affectionate salutations as they will recognise.

Farewell,

W. T. STEAD.’”

The foregoing message was received by this automatic writer on April 23rd, and was possibly the very first of the kind received in England. The writer, Mrs. Frith, could neither know of the seance address given in Rothesay, nor was it possible Mrs. Coates could know of this script. What then is to be thought of the agreement in the two messages.

Without producing other letters, I extract the following :—

Councillor Walter Appleyard, J.P., Sheffield, commenting on the Rothesay message of April 26th, says :—“ Dear Mr. Coates,—I have not had time to write you fully in reply to your favour

enclosing the remarkable message from friend Stead.

“I was very much struck with the message as being so characteristic of the man; in such perfect harmony with the one contained in *Light*, through ‘one of the 7.’

“It is very strange, but only a few hours before it came to hand, I received a letter from Admiral Moore, in which he definitely stated that they had had three clear conversations with Mr. Stead, through Mrs. Wriedt’s mediumship. She arrived at Wimbledon on Sunday night, so that they had not lost much time.”

Comment is barely needed. The automatic message, date April 23rd; 1st Rothesay trance address, April 26th; 2nd Rothesay message, May 3rd. *Mr. Stead speaks in his own home May 5th.* Who shall say the much-derided Rothesay messages from Mr. W. T. Stead have not been corroborated?

#### THE TESTIMONY OF LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

The portion I have underlined in the following testimony is so inherently true, that it could only come from Mr. Stead. I touch upon this in Chapter XI., “Do Coming Events cast their Shadows Before.” And again, Lady Campbell had learnt by psychic means of the transition of Mr. Stead before the same was confirmed by the press agencies.

The message partakes of the style of the writer, and *not* of Mr. Stead, but this does not—



in my opinion—take away from either its genuineness, or the mode of its reception, *i.e.*, clairaudience. From the communication I take the following extracts. Lady Campbell says:—

“After Mr. Stead’s dramatic exit, that he should assert his personality from the threshold of the cosmic world was to be expected. That he has appeared visibly to some of his friends and spoken to them, also communicated through automatic writing and telepathy, is certain.”

The writer proceeds to detail her actual experience in clairaudience, and the difficulty to establish identity for others, but as the recipient she says:—“We who receive have to judge by tone, inflection, and trick of speech; also by confidential remarks which we are not always permitted to publish.

#### VIVID CONDITIONS STRONGER THAN VISION.

“At the first news which had arrived by ‘wireless’ of the catastrophe, with no detail as to lost or saved, all we who believe in the wireless telephony of the soul put our faith to the test. My request was answered—‘W. T. Stead drowned.’ Almost instantly I was transferred into the following vivid conditions. They were stronger than vision. I found myself in a cabin of a ship suddenly under the influence of some great impending calamity. A door opened. I distinctly saw the figure of a woman too ethereal to be one of this earth. I felt impelled to ask her, ‘Is there danger?’ She answered very earnestly,

‘Yes, very—very—great—danger.’ I felt a lurch, the cabin rose at a slant, the grey woman beckoned; mechanically I followed her—how I do not know. I found myself on the upper deck, and in another instant, with a sudden shock, a gigantic black wall rose high in the air. It appeared concave, cavernous; the extremity of it, against the sky or ocean, I cannot tell which, appeared arched and surrounded by a weird halo of light. I knew no more. I fell asleep.”

The lady whom Lady Campbell saw in the cabin was, she believed, Julia, and the various sentences obtained clairaudiently, she noted down in their order, commencing to write as dictated on April 17th, 1912. Much which was received, however excellent, need not be reproduced here, but the following is highly noteworthy:—

“I do not come to prose about what has happened which cannot be undone, but to give light to the strong. Partly to implore those left on earth to subscribe prayers and messages of love to those who went under the waves. Partly to do a stroke of messengership.

“I am weary as with the pressure of all the ends of the earth upon me. To England I would say, I have reason to believe that you and other nations are one. That you in England held back from me I am aware. Other nations had begun to doubt me, and there was no hand to help my erring steps. You do not know what it is to feel wherever you go disaster following

you. The lighthouse down, the portholes closed. But there was the steam of the forcing intelligences always over the audiences. We should be always praying to the spiritual spheres to help us.

\* \* \* \* \*

"After following the hand of Fate, what I have given you, was but the best report I could make under the circumstances. Every step in the Cosmos presents to our sight a wider outlook than we had ever set up before us in the past. . . . We recognise that the world is overthrown and art is changed. Science is the great movable. I may not be here for long but I will employ my vigilance as long as it is diplomatic for me to be upon this earth. I have much to do, many are flying about as school boys for me, and you will now say 'Methinks he doth protest' too long. . . ."

"Madam, all this, I and no other, have imparted to you. 'Stead' "

MESSAGE RECEIVED through automatic writing by Madam LILY LAESSOE, New Oestergade, 7111, Copenhagen, Denmark, June 14th, 1912.

The circumstances that proved the genuineness of this message to its recipient, are fully set out in *Light*, June 29th, 1912:—

"May 23rd.—I have been too busy since coming over here to come to you before, but I can wait no longer. I must speak to you, even though so many, who are more in need, are

claiming my services. I am much nearer to you now than I ever was, don't you feel it? My one great sorrow when I was called away was for those I left behind, whom I had to leave, most of them, without being able even to make them feel my presence in spirit. It is true that the hundreds in agony around me claimed my help and presence almost to the very last; but the last, the very last, moments were devoted to my beloved ones in England and all over the world. . . . It is wonderful what one can *live* in the space of a few minutes. During the last minutes, or perhaps seconds, of the physical brain's activity, time, as you understand it, and as I used to understand it, counts no more. It is rather difficult to explain, because there are so many laws and possibilities which are still unknown on your side, but in trying to explain it I may use this simile: Suppose there existed some beings who, in space, knew only length, not depth. They would be able to work only on a flat space, while all the possibilities of a three-dimensioned space would be unknown and practically non-existent to them. But time, like space, has several dimensions, though this is known and experienced by very few on the physical plane except in dreams and in the borderland between what is called life and death. This explains the extraordinary experiences related by those who, for instance, have been called back from drowning, or seeing their whole life, with all its details, pass before them in a few seconds; it also explains how in dreams you

may seem to live through a life-story in the fraction of a minute which passes from the moment you begin to be startled into waking consciousness until you are actually awake. In both these cases you live in *depth* and not in length.

“I had to explain all this in order to make you understand that during the very last moments when I was physically alone, I had time to be with all my beloved ones in spirit, and, with each of them, live through our most beautiful experiences together. Tell them so, each of those dear loved ones who mourn the past, who have been appalled at the sudden severing of our earthly ties. Ah, tell them not to mourn for me, for not for one second was I alone or afraid; their love was with me, and the love and presence of all those waiting on the other side. The only *terrible* thing was the fear and agony of those poor, poor people around me. I did my best to help them, but at the very last I was alone. I did not see or hear them after we went down—in fact, I have no clear idea of what happened after that. I think that my head was struck by something, and that I lost consciousness outwardly; but *inwardly* I was wide awake, and it was those last moments I spent with my loved ones.

“I know that you would like to know about the last hours, and all that happened after the ‘Titanic’ had been struck. It is a curious thing that on this side it is almost impossible to remember clearly\*—I have been told ‘until a very

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\* Note statements in Chapter XI. on “Coming Events.”

long time has passed'—things as they looked to one while on the physical side; but my memory, which they used to call wonderful, gives me *some* light, where a great many others have clean forgotten everything, and I am delighted it is so because"—[Here I was so tired that the pencil fell out of my hand and I went to sleep.—L. L.]

"June 14th.—I wish I could finish this, but you are too tired—your brain is in a mist; why have you not tried before? Ah! how the earth and its doings hold even those who should be untiring in their quest for spiritual truth. Good night; don't fail to send this to *Light* to-morrow."

#### AN UNEXPECTED TALK WITH MR. STEAD.

As we have seen that Mr. Stead has been able to manifest by Trance and Motor Automatism, I thought it would be of interest to give a case through that humble—most useful—mode of table movements.

Mr. James Lawrence is well known on the East Coast as a writer with facile pen, and as the author of "Tyneside Tales," "Highland Lyrics," "Even a little Child," and by his contributions to the press.

"Dear Mr. Coates:—The sitting was held in good light. If ever I saw a form, I saw him, but why he should come to me or mine, I make no pretence to determine. My wife has been for about ten years a successful table medium. My daughter Elizabeth is also a good medium. I have no psychical gifts whatever . . . . .

“ Mr. Stead coming to such old friends as Mr. James Robertson or to yourselves was to be looked for, but communicating with myself, of whom more than likely he never heard, is surprising. Of the authenticity of the messages as messages I have no doubt; the mediums through whom they came are above suspicion.

“ On Thursday evening, May 9th, about 8.15, I was deeply impressed to have a sitting for table messages. Acting on the impression, I asked my wife and daughter, to come to my room, where we seated ourselves round a table about 24 inches in diameter. Presently it moved, and several unimportant communications were spelled out from a friend with whom we are familiar. By-and-by a weird sort of feeling settled on the patient trio, and personally I was prepared for almost anything.

“ Just about 8.40 I saw distinctly a figure pass behind my wife, which I recognised from portraits as that of Mr. Stead. He had his hands behind his back, head erect, and eyes looking sometimes straight ahead, and at others into mine. Astounded, although quite sure of the identity as presented to my vision, I asked if he would communicate through the table, to which he affirmatively responded. Note that I did not refer to him by name at this stage, simply as a ‘friend,’ also that I have no power whatever at the table, so that my hands directed, as some might suggest, by my subconscious self, had nothing to do with its movements. I now set down the results practically as they came :—



“Will you tell me your name?—Yes, Stead. (The raps were very loud and most deliberate, and surprised my wife.)

“Tell me the name of one of your most famous publications?—Borderland. (Very distinctly.)

“Tell me the name of the spirit which gave you many valuable communications?—Julia. (This was given in gentle raps, as if the name were a precious one to utter.)

“Have you anything to tell me?—Yes, Stead still lives.

“What do you mean by that?—Stead lives as you know it.

“Till now, it might be in the range of probability that either my wife or daughter knew all the foregoing, consequently I changed my mode of questioning, but the issues were the same.

“Were you in this room earlier in the evening?—Yes.

“Did you see anyone?—Yes, you alone.

“What was I doing?—Reading part of the time.

“Tell me anything I was reading?—About myself.

“Who wrote it?—Myself.

“But you could not do so, and you dead?—I did.

“How?—Through a hand.

“Whose?—J.R. (James Robertson.)

“At this point, the raps sounded less decisive, and the movements became slower, so I asked: Have you any message to give, that I can send



to someone as a further proof of your identity?  
—Yes, William Gon.

“Do you wish me to write to a person named William Gon?—No, William is gone.

“Ah, I see, you came with Mr. Stead, and you have taken his place. Is that so?—Yes.

“Did you know him well in life?—Yes.

“Who are you?—I am Emma Hardinge Britten.

“I cannot determine this point, as to whether these two gifted souls knew each other so intimately as to warrant the use of the Christian name of one by the other. It would be interesting to know.

“Have you anything to tell me, now that you are here?—Yes, you are losing your soul, and I came to warn you.

“What followed does not concern the public, but was to me most interesting as the communicating intelligence—if not Mrs. Britten—was certainly one who knew both herself, her family, and myself.

“Perhaps, had I not been so pressing with my questions regarding identity, we might have received some valuable token of our visitor’s persisting faculties, but I am still sceptical when in touch with strangers, and like to have some reasonable ground to tread before appending my seal of acceptance.”

Apart from giving an example of the modes of communication by raps and table movements, I wish to note the possibility that Mr. Stead would

have thus communicated with Mr. Lawrence. By psychic law, Mr. Stead would have been drawn to those who—all else being equal—would have the courage to give his messages publicity, and who at the same time could not be charged with doing so, either for notoriety or for financial gain.

### CHAPTER III.

## **Inspirational and Auto-Script Messages.**

### STATEMENT OF MR. JAMES ROBERTSON.

This gentleman's evidence, like my own, will possibly be regarded as tainted, for with pen and voice he has for nearly forty years advocated Spiritualism, which he knows from personal experience and careful investigation to be true, and happily has the courage to say so. Although one of the Managing Directors of a business house in Glasgow, he has never allowed business considerations to interfere with his convictions that the dead return. Mr. Robertson has developed, in his passive hours, the gift of inspirational writing, and sends me three messages from Mr. W. T. Stead. Two are in the fine vein of that leonine personality and the last—which I omit, was in calmer reasoning mood addressed to Spiritualists.

The first written messages came on April 27th and 29th, and on May 2nd the following 'was penned:—

“ My physical break-up I had for long expected

would have something of the tragic associated with it, but never by being engulfed in the waters. You ask, was I afraid to face death? Well, yes and no. A tremor which might be called fear passed through me when there was some hope of rescue, but the moment I knew there was no hope of escape I became filled with courage that was veritably given me. I felt after all, I was going to face the easiest form of dying, and so it proved to be; a bit of a shudder with the cold water, a difficulty of breathing for an instant, then the sudden liberation came. I was surrounded by a crowd of loving hearts, some of whom I had thought my enemies when on earth, and these waited till I was really born. I have met none of those who were with me that had the same rapid deliverance from the old garments. Though I wrote much on all topics, this one great fact of man's conscious relationship to the Spirit World was behind all my thought. I confined myself, I now confess, to a corner of the Spirit World and thought those associated with me and whose helper I desired to be, did not see with the larger eye; and thus I was drawn into labouring in a domain that was as much mechanical as spiritual. With psychic faculties myself, I continually overlooked the fact that these not having grown in others, they were less capable of imbibing truths or seeing such things as were plain to me. Well, better to blunder and be in action than wait till all is perfected to your mind, and then find it is too late. We, wise and

ignorant alike, have at least dug up some soil wherein a foundation is being laid. If I had waited till I had studied all that had been written on the subject, I should have done nothing. Good or bad, what I did in the cause was, at least, the outcome of sincerity. I know better than my critics the points wherein I erred. We are all wiser after the event. Sure I am of this: that we cannot force phenomena or bring conviction unless there be present the spirit of receptivity and certain auric conditions. I look for more of phenomena—not less. I look for the multiplication of D. D. Home, Stainton Moses, and writers like those of America, who gave forth scientific knowledge when they themselves had none. I look for even a higher quality of vision amongst them—something more direct, clear, and searching. Hitherto we have looked through a glass darkly, but the world needs to see face to face. Religion is most surely truth to begin with. Let us start with veracity in all things, then we shall make progress. From where I am now, I can see the curtain being raised and the heavenly drama gladdening all human hearts, dispelling all doubt, and hopeless despair. I hear the new song of rest and peace joyously swelling ever louder and sweeter till the accepted knowledge will be that God our Father is over all, and all is right with the sons and daughters of earth. Again I will be with you and hope to strike out with greater clearness.”

This second message, which “wrote itself,” so to speak, came to Mr. Robertson on May 5th:—

“ To realise that a dead man can still converse with his fellows left behind is a huge satisfaction to me. I believed this was possible, but the change from being a recipient to that of a transmitter is startling, and brings home to me many points which I failed to comprehend when below. My determination is to force through such ideas as possessed me as clearly as I can, and my faith increases that the possibilities of sending through messages are greater than even mortals and many spirit friends as yet see. One has to scatter his thought all around, and let it be taken up by every avenue which is open. I have had a busy time, because, first, my mind was engrossed by the blinded conditions of those who were with me; these I first sought to help to open their understandings, so that some might see that what I had talked about on the ship was not fancy, but a great reality. Many slumbered for long; some opened their minds readily. My own condition once awake, did not engross me. I had been blessed by sight and knowledge, but the ignorant and suffering who had given themselves while on earth to selfishness claimed my thought. It is innate in man to have compassion once he is touched by seeing trouble. I worked with a will till I saw many in the hands of those whose own nature had been enlightened, and who were now drawn to succour their friends and relatives. I sometimes wish I had been amongst the saved that my pen might have told out the true story of what courage was revealed by men and women who never thought they had

such an endowment. It was marvellous to see the nerve of women and men who got filled with a new power, from whom all fear had fled. 'Others first,' was continually heard. 'No hurry for me!' it was grand, it was noble. I thanked God for the dignity which belonged to our humanity. I may yet send my wires from over here so that the graphic story may be more fully set down and grasped. I felt I had much work to do on earth, but I accepted cheerfully the lot which had befallen me and duly recognised that out of the present catastrophe would arise safety for all who 'went down to the sea in ships,' and so it will be. So much for that chapter. Now my mind is engrossed on saving the multitude from the deep despair which oppresses men while sojourners on the dry land, with no light, little or no hope, too many 'perhapses,' and entire lack of certainty. I meant to get back to London and spread out more the certainty I had caught. The friend I was to bring with me, would, I felt, break down many walls; but as that chapter is over, I have to work with those who, seeing with me, will strive in all seasons to look through every chink where they can send out something that will be seen. I have to gather missionaries here, and I know that many more on the earthly side will seek to work with them with a high and pure intent. I name not those who have joined hands with me for a new crusade, but some of them missed on earth what might have been the greatest triumph in the search for truth. This is

the type of person who ever seeks to make up leeway. We will telegraph all the time, we will search for those whose psychic powers are but germinal; we will follow as many as we can impress to take an interest. No spiritual worker can be of the highest value in the campaign whose affections are not centred in betterment for others, and whose faith in God is not real. I think that moral quality in instruments is essential, and I will seek with the others to send what I can of spiritual sustenance. If we work steadily with our eyes set on the goal we shall forget how much has yet to be done. Let each Spiritualist feel he is called upon to enter the work with a new sense of upliftment; that his own soul's welfare demands a continual working so that purity may abound and tranquillity and trust be the daily round."

TESTIMONY OF MISS FELICIA R. SCATCHERD,  
("FELIX RUDOLPH.")

14, Park Square, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

The following contribution from a well-known social worker and co-labourer with Mr. Stead, is valuable as bringing us more into touch with the incomprehensible and mystic side of Mr. Stead's nature, if not the key-note of his genius.

Monday. April 15th, 1912.

Thy ways would be our ways could we see with Thy sight,  
Could we contemplate time from Eternity's height,  
Could we bridge Being's ocean with one glance and span,  
From Life's birth to Death's birth, the whole course of man.  
"FELIX RUDOLPH."



“I am constantly asked: ‘What evidence have you for the return of Mr. W. T. Stead?’

“My reply is: I possess the same kind of evidence for the ‘spirit-presence’ of the discarnate Mr. Stead as for the ‘spirit-presence’ of the incarnate Mr. Stead—but with this tremendous difference that before his transition I could always discover whether the records agreed with Mr. Stead’s desires, intentions and actions. Now this corroborative testimony is rarely obtainable.

“I must frankly admit that I could never have accepted the ‘spiritist hypothesis’ but for the evidence I possess as to the activities of the *incarnate* human spirit at a distance from its physical instrument.

“When as a psychical researcher I received through various forms of ‘motor-automatism,’ later through passive writing and vivid impressions, communications from the so-called dead, I marvelled at my inventive faculty, and wondered why I was not a novelist or a dramatist.

“Then came a new phase: I was the recipient of messages from the living—mostly strangers engaged in public affairs, and was startled into a perception of the scientific value of these phenomena. When at a dinner in Paris, I met a famous scientist, who, in his after-dinner remarks, expressed the identical sentiments I had received as coming from him, many months earlier, in a language with which I was then ill-acquainted. There was no mistake about it.

Knowing I should meet him, I had my written record with me, taken down shorthand and copied in longhand as soon as possible, as was then my invariable practice.

“I disliked receiving information in this way but could not help it. If I refused these confidences, nothing else came, and all experimentation was at an end. However, I became more reconciled to it when I found I could often be of service, in one instance preventing suicide, in others forestalling various casualties.

“Within my experience, Mr. W. T. Stead was by far the most active living person, psychically. Hardly a day passed without some happening of psychic interest with regard to him. After establishing their general accuracy, I ceased to record these things, but much evidence exists in the letters that passed between us, most of which are now in my possession.

“Distance seemed immaterial. The most conclusive things occurred when he was in Russia, and I in England, also when he was in Constantinople and I remained in London, and again when I was in Egypt and he at home.

“Of course it is possible to deny the connection of the embodied Mr. Stead with the said phenomena. Anyone can dismiss the circumstantial evidence, as the late Mr. Podmore, I believe, dismissed one of the best-attested cases of bilocation of recent times in words to this effect:—

“Yes, the evidence is irrefutable, but as it is impossible for a person to be in two places at one

and the same time, I decline to put the matter on record.

“And it is because I found Mr. Stead’s ‘spirit-self,’ ‘astral’ or ‘double,’ the most truthful and selfless of all such ‘entities,’ that I accept, as coming from him, now, all that I would have deemed due to his spiritual or mental activity during earth-life, although the old tests are no longer available.

“It has been asserted that the messages purporting to come from Mr. Stead contain little evidence of his identity. I will therefore confine myself to one or two instances in which that assertion cannot be reasonably maintained.

“The first case happened a day or two after the ‘Titanic’ went down. We in Athens were as yet unaware of the extent of the tragedy, and were assured that all the first-class passengers were safe, so Mr. Stead must be among the survivors.

“I was lunching with friends of his. While a discussion in Greek was going on, I talked with the hostess. Five years or so ago, when I was her guest, her English home had been saved from destruction by fire through Mr. Stead’s ‘double?’ or ‘astral?’ having compelled me to go down to the kitchens late one night on our return from the theatre. So she knew all about my odd experiences.

“Suddenly I whispered :—

“‘Mr. Stead is here.’ She did not take me seriously. ‘Mr. Stead is here,’ I repeated, ‘and he is very anxious about his friend there, and

fears that he is about to say or do something he will afterwards regret.'

"That evening the gentleman in question said:—

"‘I cannot think what restrained me to-day at noon. Something or someone held me back from acting in a way I should have infinitely regretted.’" And then I told him about the 'spirit-presence' of Mr. Stead.

"This incident made me hope that the report as to the safety of *all* first-class passengers was true, and I wrote to Mr. Stead at the Manhattan Hotel, New York. I had a vague idea that if Mr. Stead had passed over on the 15th, I should have known it, and that in that case he would not manifest in his usual way so soon after such a tragedy.

"I kept this belief till we reached Milan, and I learned the truth from the newspapers at the hotel.

"Since my return to England, I have received some interesting evidence through photography.

"I have not sought evidence through mediums or otherwise. I have been too occupied with the trouble in Persia, and the Near East, to feel justified in doing so. All that I have obtained has come of itself, or in the course of my usual routine, such as attending Julia's Bureau, which I never neglected any Wednesday when in England.

"Thus it was that I was present at many of Mrs. Wriedt's seances, and witnessed the phenomena chronicled later on in this book.

“Then about a month ago, I received a startlingly - strange bit of evidence. The full particulars are in the keeping of Mr. E. R. Serocold Skeels, solicitor, 55, Chancery Lane, W.C.

“For obvious reasons, the actual facts cannot now be made public.

“For some years Mr. Stead had been trying to verify a series of incidents which he alleged must have happened. He could not have discussed this with any one but perhaps his daughter, or those of his most intimate circle, certainly not with any outsider.

“I should not have known about it but for my ‘telepathic’ experiences. He had referred to it in his last letter to me, written on board the ‘Titanic.’ We took exactly opposite views on the question. This grieved him, and it was on that account he wished so much to show me my ‘error.’

“Last August, a middle-aged gentleman (a journalist) came to see me. He was in a state of extreme agitation.

“‘Mr. Stead has been to me. He has written this through my hand.’ He handed me some closely-pencilled sheets. The writing was certainly couched in Mr. Stead’s style, with which the automatist was familiar, as he was a great admirer of Mr. W. T. Stead, and read nearly all he wrote. Therefore that did not impress me, neither did an unlikely prophecy, *since fulfilled literally*. Nor the peremptory command to let me see certain documents in the

writer's possession. 'Yes, the documents are in my pocket. I cannot let you have them. Yet, if I do not, Mr. Stead will give me no peace. He says *you* will understand why he wishes you to see them. I never thought to let any living being do so, least of all yourself. No one knew of their existence. They were kept in a secret drawer. What am I to do? He says you must read them.'

"'Come! come! If it will relieve your mind, let me glance at the mysterious documents. You may trust me. I shall not need to read them, and in any case I shall not misjudge you.'

"They contained, often expressed in language of great beauty, the *evidence* Mr. Stead had so long sought. He had proved himself right in every respect in which I had thought him most mistaken. The evidence is overwhelming and indisputable, as Mr. Skeels can testify.

FELICIA R. SCATCHERD."





MRS. ANNIE M. BRIGHT.

*Photo by Alice Mills, Melbourne.*



## CHAPTER IV.

### **Mr. Stead's Melbourne Messages. His Spirit Materialises in Toledo.**

STATEMENT BY MRS. ANNIE BRIGHT,  
Journalist, Author, and Editor of *the Harbinger of Light*,  
Melbourne, Australia.

“HAS MR. STEAD RETURNED? MRS.  
BRIGHT SAYS, ‘YES!’”

Before giving her statement, and one of the numerous articles written automatically through her hand, I wish to state my firm conviction, that if Mr. Stead could communicate with us, Mrs. Annie Bright would certainly be among the first he would use, for in earth-life he had been in cordial sympathy with this lady and her labours; he had supported and written specials for *The Harbinger*, of which, “How I know the Dead Return,” may be mentioned. Mr. Stead also found in her a mediumistic instrument whose gift of automatic writing had been almost contemporaneously developed with his own. Mrs.

Bright has been for many years a journalist of repute ; a brilliant leader-writer, investigator and reviewer, who, in a position to be independent, through her able pen, has accepted instead ‘ much sorrow and labour,’ in her advocacy of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism\*. Mrs. Bright says :—

“ There has occurred in connection with Mr. Stead’s transition, one of those remarkable and unsought-for experiences which come unexpectedly in the early morning, when my spiritual and bodily powers are being replenished for the work that is set before me to do. Much of it would appear like a fairy tale to the uninitiated. Suffice it to say, that I was conscious of a great upliftment, and the words, ‘ Stead is here,’ came clearly to my spiritual ears. Then rapidly some writing which I was enjoined by him to give somehow or somewhere in this issue of the paper. He had read my article ; that was not to be disturbed, but elsewhere ; I was to let the world know something of the joy of the new-found world.

“ All who know me best are well aware that it is contrary to my usual custom to mention publicly, or even to intimate friends, the marvellous assurances that come to me in every trying time of guidance from a spiritual conclave, which directs not only the work of the circle

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\* It is with deep regret I have to state this talented lady has passed into the Unseen, 19th June, within three weeks of her last communication to me. The news arrived while reading proofs.—J.C.

with its wonderful teaching, but the paper itself. From my previous knowledge of these things, I personally accept my knowledge on this occasion as true. It is only the strong and earnest desire, almost command, that accompanied it which has made me depart from my usual rule."

That Mr. Stead should desire, almost command, that his messages should be made public is as singularly characteristic of him as reserve in giving personal experiences is of Mrs. Bright, the instrument chosen for his communications in the Antipodes, which I now quote:—

WHAT LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD REALLY IS.\*  
BY W. T. STEAD.

"Those who are inclined to scoff at the idea of my being able to write so soon about my experiences in these new surroundings, limited as they must necessarily be, are reminded that all my previous life had been a preparation for this one. I did not pass over, as the vast majority do, with a mind clouded by the ordinary ideas of death. For years, to my great worldly detriment, as people were never tired of reminding me, my eyes had been opened to the realities of the Spirit World. Writing, I need scarcely say, was my forte, and I was also an automatic writer, as 'Letters from Julia' testify, having become a household word in many homes. For nearly fifteen years that little volume now called 'After

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\**The Harbinger of Light*, June 6th, 1912; pp. 86-87.

Death,' directly given from the Spirit World, has been in constant demand, and it has passed through many editions. I knew that automatic writing was a valuable way of communication with those who had passed on. My experience with Julia told me this, for her personality was proved to me over and over again by test after test, corroboration after corroboration. Great as had been my belief in all these realities, full as my mind was of the importance to the world of a knowledge of the continued existence beyond the borderland, still, while in the midst of the turmoil of daily life, it was necessarily dimmed, and, looked at from this new perspective, my great surprise is that I was able to see as clearly as I did, and that I proclaimed the truth in the face of such enormous odds. What more natural than that I should want to tell the world that all this is true and more wonderful than I had ever dreamed of in my sanguine moments. As I said in that first message I was able to send through this paper 'I am full of delight at my new surroundings, full of delight that this world is even more full of joy and ecstasy than I have essayed to tell the people in earthlife; so full of joy that I want to wipe the tears from eyes that weep through this terrible disaster; so full of joy that I want to take doubt from every downcast soul. It was pointed out to me by one of the angelic beings that here in the editor of this paper was one channel through which my work could still be carried on. Like myself, she was a writer, and an automatic writer, Julia herself, in 1893,

having been the first to use her hand. It was almost as easy as writing myself to use her facile pen, and conditions were for a beginning as good as possible. It is early days yet, but conditions can even now permit me to write some of my experiences. What these conditions will become later on it is not possible to forecast; but from the Spirit side of life, it is declared by the Spiritual conclave directing the work in these southern lands, that with this number of the 'Harbinger' a new era is begun in its history. It will be made to reach and influence thousands who are now in the bondage of materialism; it will spread a new and glorious idea of the destiny of man, and will do more to inaugurate a new social order than all the legislation ever attempted. For seven years, the editor, amidst discouragement and despairing moments that would have quelled a weaker spirit, has held up the banner of truth. We shall see what fruit the next seven years will produce. It is a fact that helpers on this side have controlled the paper, which is itself its own best corroboration of Spiritual direction. All this was necessary as a prelude, and now how can I tell in mortal language the happenings since the fearsome night when the 'Titanic' went down with its precious cargo of human lives.

"There could not have been a more brilliant company than the one which took passage in the greatest steamer afloat. Disaster was the last thing to be expected, and the ship's enormous

size gave solidity that is experienced only when on land. It seemed too strong, too big, to meet with any disaster. I, roused from my berth by one of the first collisions with an iceberg, dressed and went on deck without panic or fear, and found the boats being launched to rescue the women and children. So great was the confidence in the vessel that many refused to venture in the boats, and believed that their best chance of safety lay in sticking to it. Soon I realised that we were doomed. A moment's anguish, the thought of loved ones at home, the horror of the situation overwhelming me, and surrounded by the cries of the helpless drowning creatures, I passed into unconsciousness in the icy water. To tell you the transports of joy when I awoke to what was awaiting me is beyond mortal words. Think what it would be when after a long separation from loved ones on shore, perhaps having given them up as lost, you should be suddenly brought face to face with them. It seemed as if a whole phalanx of angels and friends were ready to welcome me. Scenes of delight opened on my vision, and the reality and the magnificence of the whole, almost bewildered me. First of all I was led to a home that had been preparing for me all my life. It is quite true that "in my Father's House are many Mansions." Oh! if the most beautiful architectures of earth were put beside these, they would be dwarfed to insignificance. Here, in this home prepared for me, were on the walls representations of everything I had done in

earth life, of help to unfortunates, help in reform. The help in spreading the great fact of immortal life was represented more fully than anything else. Many facts in my career, to which I myself and the public would give greatest importance, were not represented at all; only such that had helped the growth of the soul. I longed to get back to the dear ones still on earth, but was just led to a place of rest in my home, accompanied by the beloved son whose communications with me had confirmed my belief in continued existence. Through him the river of death had been bridged for me. It was necessary to rest, and here, surrounded by beautiful ravishing scenery and music, of which you have only the faintest echoes on the earth, I gradually adapted myself to the new environment, and grew calm and restful . . . .”

The foregoing is sufficient to show a similar mental direction to that which influenced Mrs. Coates on April 26th, 1912.

#### HOW I MET JULIA, AND MEDIUMSHIP.\*

By WILLIAM T. STEAD.

“One of the first subjects I have to speak about is Julia, my communications with her, the founding of the Bureau of Communication, and the relation of all three to Spiritualism. Among the great crowd that welcomed me on my arrival in this blessed country was Julia, faithful as ever, and rejoiced to have me on this side of

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\* “The Harbinger of Light,” July 1912, pp. 102-103.



life. At one's passing over there is no restriction as to those who wish to extend greetings, and everyone drawn to you in earth life, with advanced spirits and angels, who have, perhaps unconsciously to yourself, directed your work, are there on your entry into spirit realms. Later you are taken, accompanied only by one or two chosen ones, and your appointed spirit guide, to the home prepared for you. According to earth reckoning it was just a day or two before Julia and I had opportunity for special converse, as our homes are in different parts. But then to speak face to face, and know that all her messages were true, and that the impulse from herself to found the bureau was a reality, was unmingled joy. But, oh, how small, how puny, seem all our efforts when viewed from the spiritual standpoint. Above every other question rises the all-important one, What did this and so many other circles I was interested in do to raise the spiritual status of the world? One important result was the inquiry it caused—the name of myself and Julia became a byword. Many were induced to investigate, many became readers of spiritualistic literature through the bureau. It was all good, as far as it went. The derision cast upon myself for supposing that Cardinal Manning, Gladstone, Disraeli, and others could speak through this channel, even did good. It was remarked at the time—and I did not see fit to deny its possible truth—that my presence at the bureau was an absolute necessity for messages to come through speakers of this



kind. And here comes the gist of what I have to say on this great subject of mediumship—this greatly misunderstood, this grossly debased subject. It is quite true that in earth life we see through a glass darkly, and that here we see face to face, and one of the first subjects I have to speak about is this subject of mediumship. It is not to be supposed that men like those mentioned above were actually at Julia's bureau. Each one of them had been my friend. I was greatly perturbed about the political situation, and in some subtle fashion you have to be over here to understand, their thoughts overshadowed mine, and it was my inspired personality that formed those startling speeches through the medium.

#### WHAT EARTH LOOKS LIKE.

“To look back upon earth life is to look upon what seems at first glance to be a great ant's nest—people running everywhere after something they want to possess, or some necessary work for food, clothing, and protection. Unlike a colony of ants, its people are possessed of spirit force, the training and development of which puts them in touch with the spiritual part of the universe. Here you see, therefore, illuminated spots, illuminated individuals belonging to every church and creed and nation, forming the advance guard of the human race. Just as here they cannot raise others, they can only teach and try to awaken the latent powers of the soul. Here nothing counts but spiritual

development. Kings, queens, potentates of all kinds who loom large in earth life sink to their true proportion here. So it will be seen that, however useful Julia's bureau was, however valuable a medium's services may be in giving evidence of an unseen existence, it ends there—unless those who listen, those who participate, gain spiritual development thereby. If I were back on the earth my work would be far different. I would go from continent to continent and set the people aflame with the knowledge I now have of the universe and man's puny efforts at understanding it. At every fresh work in my own life, at the establishment of 'Borderland,' the journal of Julia's bureau, it was the clergymen, chiefly, who shrugged their shoulders and withheld approval. And yet they are supposed to be the leaders in spiritual things. Much of this was, and is, due to the feeble presentation of psychic facts, through its being at present in the hands mostly of those who trade upon it, until it seems hopelessly mixed up with fortune-telling, and so forth. But from this it must be raised, and quickly. Psychic gifts without corresponding spiritual development are merely physical. A peculiarity of constitution enables them to be used by debased as well as advanced spirits. People hearing of some prophecy coming true, of some lost relative communicating, are so carried away with it that they think that is the channel through which they are to be guided. Nothing of the kind! If it is true, it is merely a means of opening their eyes

to the fact of a consciousness outside themselves. If they sink down to the position of abrogating their own will-power and putting themselves and their affairs into the guidance of a medium, it is the beginning of soul degradation.

#### THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.

“ All this Julia and I talked over to our hearts' content. A pure and good spirit, she is ever ready to please, most anxious to be of use and to continue her good work, but she perceives there is something higher before the race, than she thought. People deride prayer, but, what is the same—aspiration—is the only means by which the world's salvation will come about. If you do not want to rise, you remain in your narrow groove. If you have a fervent desire to get in touch with spiritual things, be in tune with the infinite; the very desire brings to your assistance a ray of spiritual force that upholds and strengthens you—does, in very truth, feed the soul. This Law of attraction is a great fact of the universe. It is most difficult to get people on the little speck of earth to understand this life of ceaseless work—work that gives delight is its keynote—and all work is a means of spiritual development. You have heard of the prison house and of spirits going to speak to the poor debased prisoners there—who can alone raise themselves by a desire to rise. But this is but the rudimentary stage. All through the spheres this teaching goes on by spirits in a

higher grade to those just below. Often we see vast concourses of spirits on a high plane coming out of some vast amphitheatre, where what may be called spirit orators are telling of the heights of knowledge before them, and inciting them to still more fervent aspiration. Then there are less imposing meetings. You often see in one of the mansions a whole clan, as you may call them, of one family gathered from many parts of the earth, all good spirits, and although happy, desirous of learning more. To them goes some exalted spirit, for the very desire for one is in itself a fulfilment. And so this great Law of Attraction reigns throughout the universe. It is such an eye-opener to me that I am wanting all the while to open the eyes of those I have left behind, and as many besides that I can reach. I am at constant work, my very strong desire giving me this business to attend to by the controlling spirits of this sphere—here again is the Law of Attraction at work. Your great seers on earth catch glimpses of the immensities of the universe, but the best of them catch glimpses only. Nothing I have ever read on earth can give an idea of the reality of your minds. There is no word strong enough to express what I want to say about the fear of death. It is a nightmare that must be shaken off the world before it can begin even to grow in spiritual power. For everyone who sees these things a sacred burden is laid on their shoulders to proclaim this great fact from the house tops. Fear no man, fear no opposition, fear no scorn,

fear no calumny, but proclaim as never before—**THERE IS NO DEATH.** There is within each one of you the power to get to know something of the life awaiting you. It is possible for each to grow near to the Ethereal Realms. Each must be his or her own saviour. Declare this far and wide. It is the great truth of the universe. It is the only possible salvation of the race.”

From July, 1912, till June, 1913, Mrs. Bright received a large number of Stead messages. Fourteen appeared in her journal, and seven were reprinted in booklet form. The mass, however, remain unpublished. Our space will not admit of further reproductions.

Mr. Britton Harvey, a well-known Victorian journalist and author, contributed to *The Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, November 1, 1912, a special article, entitled “The Stead Messages—Are they Genuine?” He makes a critical study of three, viz., the auto-scripts received by Mrs. Bright, on April 23rd, the trance message by a Sydney psychic, on April 21st, and the message obtained by Mrs. Coates on April 26th. The psychics were not only non-professional, but were each wholly in ignorance of the communications recorded by the others. Mr. Harvey in his searching analysis places extracts from these messages in parallel columns, and dismisses the subliminal mind

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\* “What Life in the Spirit World Really Is,” by W. T. Stead, with Portraits, 6d. net. E. W. Cole, Book Arcade, Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide.

theory, which might be advanced to account for their numerous points of resemblance. He is convinced from the internal evidence that the messages have emanated from one mind, *i.e.*, that of William T. Stead, presenting as they do in a remarkable degree, his characteristic style.

#### MISS STEAD ON THE MELBOURNE MESSAGES.

Although I deal with Miss Stead's evidence further on, I think it appropriate, as bearing on the Stead messages received in Australia, to say that Miss Stead heartily approves of them, and emphasises this by declaring in her letter to Mrs. Bright:—"I always look forward to reading his (father's) messages through you. They are so splendid and ring so true. . . . It is all so wonderful and so sacred, and in you and in the *Harbinger*, he has found a splendid focus through which he can manifest. It was all the more remarkable that he should have been able to get his message about his interest in you and the *Harbinger*, through to me, as I did not know your name and had to inquire to whom he was referring. . . . Hoping you may long continue your good work, and with love and best wishes. Yours very sincerely, E. W. Stead."

#### STATEMENT BY MISS EDITH K. HARPER.

I have pleasure in giving this, which, although not directly bearing witness to Mr. Stead's return, effectually deals with some seeming contradictions in the communications.

Miss Harper says :—" I was present, with very few exceptions, at all Mrs. Wriedt's circle sittings at Cambridge House, from May 5th to July 5th, besides having private opportunities for converse with my friends in the spirit world. Mr. Stead



MISS E. K. HARPER, Mr. Stead's Private Secretary.

often manifested, and the constant burden of his communications on the subject of his passing-out (on which, naturally, we were more than anxious to be accurately informed) was the repeated, and oft-reiterated assurance that his sufferings were mental rather than physical. That he was



rendered almost instantly unconscious by a blow on the head, received in falling as the vessel sank. That he never recovered earthly consciousness, but awoke to the full realisation that he had left his physical body. That, to use his own emphatic words: 'It's all over now!' That with him, face to face, were Julia, his comrade, and Willie, his beloved son. And that around him was a mass of suffering humanity, *suffocating and struggling in the water*, and of anguished, panic-stricken souls, new-born into the Other World, whom his first thought was to try to help and comfort, with all the ardour of his compassionate heart. Exactly the same man five minutes after 'death' as he was all his life long before it. Not only 'women and children first!' but 'everyone but myself first!' that was Mr. Stead's way.

"It was deeply, pathetically interesting to note the gradual clearing of his memory as to the details of that terrible night. He seemed anxious to clear up every doubtful point. It has been stated that he returned to his cabin. He confirmed this, but added that he went back on deck, and was on deck when the ship sank.

"'Everyone said the ship was unsinkable,' he said, on June 9th. 'But it came to me that we were doomed. . . . I helped all I could. . . . I remember Butt's threatening to shoot. . . . I took hold of Butt and another man, and I said, 'Let us pray, gentleman.'" And we prayed. . . . And the ship went down. . . . They suffered—oh, how they suffered!

"We asked again, 'Did *you* suffer?'



“ ‘Yes, I suffered. We all suffered ! (He had on another occasion spoken of the suffering of cold, of suspense, of the almost instantaneous fall, but no suffering of drowning.) But I did not struggle in the water. I was struck. My head was struck. . . . I used to say I would be kicked to death by the mob.’ ”

“ The above communications were received through the direct voice, through the marvellous mediumship of Mrs. Wriedt. But it appears to be much more difficult for a spirit to impart definite statements through a trance medium, especially at first, while probably the mind of the medium is encumbered by the natural ideas of struggling and suffocating likely to have been felt by the drowned. I have often noticed how much preconceptions cling to the spirit utterance (even though the sensitive be completely entranced), as water passing through an iron deposit comes out tinged with rusty red.

“ Nevertheless, Mr. Stead, speaking to me through Mr. Vango, about a week after his passing, and when details were unknown, was able to assure me that he died instantly, through a blow on the head, and knew nothing after the numbing cold of the air on deck, and the ‘horror of great darkness’ around. But we, knowing him, know full well that after the first agony of acute realisation of what the earthly severance meant—the suddenness, the tragedy of it all—there would be a supreme bracing of his spirit, a supreme

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\*Referring to a clairvoyant's predictions, to which he was fond of alluding.

abandonment of self, a supreme pity for the others who had not his joyous knowledge of the Unseen World into which they were now to go—and then only a great and passionate longing to draw them all with him into the sheltering bosom of the Infinite Father.

“As to his regret about unheeded predictions, is it not just a natural momentary outburst, uttered impulsively on coming into the familiar scene of his old beloved seance room, where so often he met with earthly friends, to commune with friends in the Beyond? It is a characteristically human touch; quite compatible with his sense of the larger life and greater work to which he is called, and the joy of which he realises.

“To us it is all so natural, so like him. How often has he not written to friends at home, when abroad on some world-mission which claimed all the zeal and energy of his heart and soul, ‘I feel I am really doing a useful bit of work, and am enjoying myself immensely, but I shall be so glad to be back with you all again.’

“We must try to realise that, as a rule, the spirit friend manifesting to us through the ‘earth conditions’ must find extreme difficulty in piercing the physical barrier that divides spirit from spirit, and that our friends do not all at once cease to have human feelings and become glorified archangels, glad to shake themselves free from the dust of earth.

EDITH K. HARPER.”

Cambridge House, Wimbledon, S.W.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MESSAGE FROM  
WILLIAM T. STEAD.

Among the American messages purporting to come from Mr. Stead—and these are many—the two which most appeal to me is the deliverance given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in Chicago—from this I have quoted a significant sentence or two, in Chapter XI.—and another given through Mr. J. Clegg Wright, at Lily Dale. Mr. Wright was one of the most reputable and reliable workers in the States. The following is part of a trance address, among the last he delivered before he passed into the Unseen himself:—

## W. T. STEAD ON HIS LIFE AND WORK.

“My life now stands before the world to be judged for what I did and what I failed to do. My journalistic labours were only ways for me to increase the benevolent and moral consciousness of my fellow men.

“In my youth poverty deprived me of the classical embellishments of learning. Journalism was an open door for a mind like mine, and I plunged into the vortex. When I was a young man there were public men in England of great ability and moral quality. John Bright gave me an ideal of an orator and a great public benefactor. Thomas Carlyle impressed me more than any other writer of my time. His books were a companion to me. His thought a steady inspiration. When I came into journalism I was a novice,

but I had a moral nature that could not be tempted. Foreign wars raged—the Turco-Russian war filled me with horror. It was the conflict of religion and race. These great events were only preparatory studies for me to fill later a more prominent place.

“Later I visited America and found things in the larger cities no better than in London, and I wrote my book, ‘If Christ Should Come to Chicago,’ which was very offensive to the dilettanti of that city, but such exposures of immorality only caused a very transitory determination to improve affairs. Chicago profited little from the moral exposure.

“Morally, the feudal ages were better than London or Chicago. Intrenched vice fought me: my fight was an unequal one. The church did not support me as I fought this lone battle, but I never yielded, but advanced and conquered new fields, and the subject of International Arbitration, and at this time, I was more mature mentally.

“Fortunately at this time Carnegie gave the influence of his great wealth and moral force to bring about the arrangement of the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. This was a great victory. While it does not cover all we wanted, it is the thin edge of the wedge, and many international disputes will be settled by that Court of Judgment and Reason.

“I present these reminiscences to show you that the first mental act of the so-called dead is to run over in a general way the hard passages of life,

as I look back upon the last twenty-five years, years of a rising influence, for I could get the ear of statesmen and of kings, and I helped to establish the Cause of Peace.

“Psychical phenomena should be studied both from the point of mind and the point of matter. What more wonderful could you have than the movement of a heavy body by a spiritual power. There are times when mediums are not available for proper scientific research. The lack of phenomena mediumship is due to causes that I need not name, but which will pass quickly away. I can make a rap on a table or write upside down—it is just a question of power given to me by a mediumistic organisation. There were seers, but they were generally mystics lost in abstractions. In the olden times these seers abounded in Scotland and in the north of England. There are people subject to old buildings, ruins, old castles. I expect to be myself, and speak of myself, and think of myself, for a long time to come. I have no desire to lose any power or association that will awaken me to my earthly self. This is very reasonable. It is natural. What could I do as a spirit if absolutely cut off from that which I had been. Great general inspirations men have lived in all ages, but it was reserved to the nineteenth century to give the phenomena a scientific character. It was here that science made an invasion into the province of Faith and Religion, and the progressive influence of the spiritual power will create this new era; it gives confidence to the world

that an age of enlightenment can manage its affairs without the large and crushing military establishments. This is the curse of your times."

#### STATEMENT OF MR. ARCHIBALD BRYSON.

The writer of this contribution to the symposium is a well-known level-headed Glasgow merchant, at present residing at Nenthorne, Ayr. His answer to the question "Has W. T. Stead Returned?" is an emphatic affirmative.

"Dear Mr. Coates,—While at a seance with Mr. J. B. Jonson (who is a genuine materialisation medium) at his home, in Toledo, Ohio, on Thursday, June 13th last, I had the pleasure of seeing a manifestation of Mr. W. T. Stead.

"I was talking to a very intimate friend of mine, who had departed this life comparatively recently, when the form of Mr. Stead appeared. His body from the waist up was quite distinct. There was no chance of mistaking the massive head and rugged features and the expressive eyes. He addressed Mrs. Jonson and myself, knowing I was from the Old Country, saying:—

"I am so glad to have the opportunity of coming here, and proving to you that I am alive. Make this great truth known. You know I was a very busy man on the earth-plane, but now I find myself busier still in this life, there is so much to learn and so much to do. There are so many requiring comfort and guidance."

"While giving you the foregoing to the best of

my recollection, it but poorly represents either what he said and the way he said it. What struck me too, he desired me to give a message to Admiral Moore when I got back to Britain. This was of a private nature, which I delivered in due course. Mr. Stead also spoke to me in a kindly manner, encouraging me to prosecute my researches in psychic matters. He did not stay long, owing, I think, to his having interrupted the private conversation which I had with my friend. His voice was quite clear and distinct and there was no mistaking the object of his visit.

Yours sincerely,

Nenthorne, Ayr.

ARCH. BRYSON."

## CHAPTER V.

### **Mr. Stead Etherealises and Speaks in Cambridge House.**

#### HAS W. T. STEAD RETURNED ?

“YES,” is the emphatic answer of Miss Estelle Stead. The truthfulness of her statement is vouched for by reliable and independent witnesses. What more appropriate—granting the evidence—than that Mr. Stead should return to his own and to his faithful assistants, in the very room impregnated with the aura of his intensely volitional and vigorous personality when in the body. That he did so return, human evidence is valueless if the fact be not accepted.

In the July issue of Nash's Magazine for 1912, Miss Estelle W. Stead has an article on “My Father (W. T. Stead) and Spiritualism.” The Editor in his introduction makes the following remarkable contribution to the answer, saying:—

“Mr. W. T. Stead, who went down with the ‘Titanic’s’ 1,595 lost, is living wondrously anew in his labours. He was a seer who saw beyond



the firing lines and frontiers. He was a citizen of the world. . . . He was a modern patriarch, a prophet—a crusader, armed for peace. He believed, too, in the unseen, the eternal. He



MISS ESTELLE STEAD.

claimed converse with the dead. . . . Now the Spirit of Stead, a spirit incomparably virile, original and sane, appears to have spoken to his daughter Estelle Stead, who like her father is no dreamer. . . . *Here is a testimony that*

*challenges progressive thought. Perhaps it is not miraculous that the mind which saw the merging of nations has manifested itself across the borderland of worlds.*''—(Nash's Magazine, pp. 544-546).

The first person having a right to answer the question, "Has Mr. Stead returned?" is undoubtedly his own daughter and co-worker in "Julia's Bureau." Her testimony is given with no uncertainty in her article, and is supported by ample and independent testimony of credible witnesses who intimately knew her father when visibly present on earth.

In the following, I summarise as correctly as possible, Miss Stead's convincing testimony to her father's return.

"Three weeks after the 'Titanic' disaster, I saw my father's head and shoulders, as plainly as I saw them when last we met on earth. I talked to him about the most intimate things concerning myself and him alone—things about which the medium could have no possible idea. The sitting took place at Julia's Bureau; it was a trumpet seance, and Mrs. Wriedt of America was the medium. After showing his face, my father took the trumpet, and turning to one of the sitters, who had been somewhat sceptical at our previous sittings, when father was present in his physical body, said, most emphatically:—'Do you believe now? Is not all I told you true?'

"Had I doubted the nearness of the Other World, and the possibilities of Spirit Return and Communion, this would have removed it all.

But ever since my childhood, I have known, and seen, and felt so much of the Greater World around, that doubt has never entered my mind. Doubts as to the authenticity of messages and as to the perfectness of the instruments of communion, yes, but never as to the reality of it all.

“I think the many scoffers and sceptics my father had to contend with during his life-time would find it difficult to disprove his living, vibrating, unmistakable ego, and the voice that conversed with me that night in the stillness and quiet of the seance room at ‘Julia’s Bureau.’ There were seven others present, besides the medium, who will bear testimony to what I have written.”

I reluctantly refrain from giving the rest of these thought-provoking statements; the touching tributes to her father’s life; deep convictions based on convincing personal evidence of spirit return; defence of mediums, and testimony to the outstanding mediumship of Mrs. Etta Wriedt, in whose presence spirits conversed—in the direct voice—in Norwegian, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Arabic, as well as in English. It is with pleasure I reproduce Miss Stead’s concluding statements:—

“On Christmas, 1909, this message came to ‘Julia’s Bureau’ from the founder; ‘Soon all on your side will be on our side. And not until you are here will you be able fully to understand the need of my Bureau.’ And now he who felt the need so strongly, and worked so strenuously to bridge the grave, has himself passed over. I

doubt not that he, understanding so well the difficulties he had to contend with, and realising the scepticism and necessity for proofs, having faced and battled on this side so long, will give people to think. Yet I do not know. *It is for the masses he will work*, to open the way for them to the certainty of that other world, that they may see as he did, 'Spiritualism has made death other than death for me.' "

There is no doubt in Miss Stead's mind of her father's return. There are many, I know, who will treat her testimony as delusions, as they did her father's undaunted and outspoken profound convictions concerning communion with the Spirit World. They do not know what a level-headed, strong-minded, straightforward, practical woman Miss Estelle Stead is; they do not know with what reluctance she has given her testimony; they do not know how sacred this knowledge is to her heart, but for the sake of truth she has given it to the world. She possibly knew that her father also approved her revelation of the fact that he (Mr. Stead) in his own person had come to prove, "The Dead Return."

It gives me pleasure to state that we know what Miss Stead has stated to be true. Not only has Mrs. Wriedt fully substantiated all Miss Stead has said, but as Mr. W. T. Stead has manifested on several occasions in our home, having four times etherealised, three times with sufficient clearness for identification, and spoken twice, as only Mr. Stead can speak, I have no hesitation in endorsing what his daughter had said.

Our own experiences, in their order have been treated elsewhere ; for those who still doubt I quote the following :—

“ 5, Smith’s Square,  
Westminster, S.W.,  
Aug. 6th, 1912.

“ Dear Mr. Coates :—Thank you so much for letting me read ‘ Note A ’ (the above) of your Symposium, ‘ Has W. T. Stead Returned ? ’ I am delighted that you should quote my article in this way, and shall be pleased for you to reproduce the photos. Since writing the article I have had several talks with my father, and he is now beginning to use my hand and I feel him closer to me and more often with me than he was in his physical body. Miss Harper is returning the MSS. to you, with one or two alterations, very few.

“ I am looking forward with interest to reading the whole Symposium.

Sincerely yours,  
ESTELLE W. STEAD.”

#### TESTIMONY OF VICE-ADMIRAL MOORE.

Vice-Admiral Usborne Moore, in his letter to me dated August 12th, expressing great pleasure in the production of this work has sent me the following important contribution, being extracts from his notes on “ The Voices,” dealing with the Wriedt Seances, in Cambridge House, Wimbledon.

“The first appearance of W. T. Stead at Cambridge House, his country residence when in life, was at 11.30 a.m., May 6th, when I was sitting in the dark with Mrs. Wriedt. On the same evening, a meeting of Julia’s circle, was organised to welcome Mrs. Wriedt. It was attended by Miss Stead, who has recorded briefly what she saw, and heard from her father . . . The seance lasted one hour and a quarter, and was replete with incident . . . . At least forty minutes were taken up by Mr. Stead talking to his daughter. I could not help hearing every word. It was the most painful, and, at the same time, the most realistic, convincing conversation I have ever heard during my investigations. The first time he came was chiefly to give directions to his daughter as to the disposal of his private papers. Miss Estelle was, naturally, much agitated, and her grief at last reacted upon her father. The second visit, which was at the end of the seance, was a much calmer manifestation; this time the speaker was much assisted by ‘Dr. Sharp,’ who sometimes interpreted what he had to say.

“On Wednesday, May 8th, the members of Julia’s circle met again . . . . All members of Julia’s circle were mediumistic, except three men. This seance was a good one. A few seconds after the lights were switched off, phenomena commenced, and they lasted, without interruption, for one hour and forty minutes . . . . About the middle of the seance W. T. Stead came, talking loudly, and

insisted on Julia's sittings going on. He said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose that these sittings be continued, at any rate as long as Mrs. Wriedt is here. Those in favour hold up their hands. If money is required I will see to it.' (pause) 'Admiral Moore you have not held up your hand,' (pitch dark). To humour him I raised my hand; my head was twice struck with the trumpet; the voice continued: 'I was hit in this room once in the same way.'"

The gallant Admiral, after referring to the expenses involved in carrying out the Julia meetings, says:—

"As to my friend's allusion to being hit on the head the previous year, the story is this. One night, Stead came up to his house determined to be very scientific. He directed the two trumpets to be painted near the big end with luminous paint. This was done, and they were stood up in the centre of the circle. The lights were put out, Mr. Stead took both of Mrs. Wriedt's hands in his, and the seance began. Presently one of the trumpets was seen to be rising, but instead of any voice coming from it, it was thrown at his head and hit him a sharp blow. The second trumpet behaved in like manner. Stead was mildly indignant and exclaimed, 'This to me! Take those trumpets away and have them washed.' When brought back clean and put down in the circle, phenomena went on as usual, and there was a satisfactory seance.

*"I may mention that Stead's talk on every occasion that he came was characteristic of him. Nobody who*



*heard it and who had enjoyed the privilege of knowing him in life could doubt that he was before us."*

"Wednesday, May 15th. 'Julia's Circle.' There was one stranger present, a physician much interested in psychic research. . . . As usual, the phenomena began very quickly and continued throughout the seance with but few gaps. Mr. Stead spoke. He welcomed the doctor to the circle, and greeted me and other members. An Indian came and told Mrs. Wriedt that her husband in Detroit, Michigan, had slipped on the outer steps leading up to the house and sprained his ankle. (A letter received later confirmed this)."

"Wednesday, May 29th. William Stead, junr., who passed over several years before his father, came and talked with his sister, who told him she recognised his voice the same as she had last year. I can support Miss Estelle in this statement. There are a few spirit voices I have noticed which never alter, and one is young Stead's. I have often talked to him; the voice and manner of talking is always precisely the same.

"A husband and wife were visited by their son, who talked to them for several minutes. The lady on my left got into touch with young Brailey, who was drowned in the 'Titanic.' . . . Julia manifested and greeted Miss Estelle Stead and all the members of the circle."

"Wednesday, June 19th. The members of 'Julia's Circle' assembled in the drawing-room,



where they examined a photograph taken that day in the seance-room in the dark by a lady. The picture is undoubtedly of psychic origin. It shows the cabin with door open and apparently broken, a port-hole, ropes hanging about, a face which is very like W. T. Stead. We then went upstairs to the seance room. The psychic switched off the lights, and before she had time to regain her chair, 'Dr. Sharp's' voice was heard. He greeted the sitters by name and carried on a brief conversation in a clear voice with three of them. Iola spoke to me, and afterwards greeted the sitters with a little speech. She was *instantly* followed by Mr. Stead, who spoke rapidly to his daughter on private matters, and then said, with reference to a narrative on his life, which was to be written by his private secretary, 'I want to get right on. I want Edith to write it as I want it.' A sitter, 'he is in a hurry.' W. T. Stead: 'Did you ever know me to take my time over anything?' There was a chorus of 'No!' from all present. W. T. Stead: 'How are you Admiral?' Admiral Moore: 'Delighted to hear you again.' A few final words to his daughter followed. Admiral Moore: 'Will you tell us about the photograph?' W. T. Stead: 'The photograph represents what took place in the 'Titanic,' as near as I can give it you.' Admiral Moore: 'Is that your cabin door?' W. T. Stead: 'Yes, and the port-hole.' . . . Julia now manifested, as usual, to close the seance, and talked in eulogistic terms of Mr. Stead. While she was speaking, there was

a shout, 'Stained glass, Julia.' The last utterance of Mr. Stead was—to me—the most striking evidential fact of the seance. He was, in life, surrounded by a knot of women who adored him for his kindly sympathy. When one of them approached him with some complimentary speech he would good naturedly turn it off by saying 'Stained glass.' "

"Wednesday, July 3rd. Directly the lights were out, 'Dr. Sharp,' gave a general greeting to the sitters; then a great number of spirit lights, a flash of light on the ceiling of the room, and a partial etherealisation were seen. There was an illumined head and some white stuff underneath, but the features were not distinguishable. Then a voice, 'Iola, that was Mr. Stead.' . . . Many spirits manifested to their friends. W. Stead, junr., spoke for a long time with his sister Estelle. I asked him to give my kindest regards to his father. He replied, 'He hears you, Admiral.'

"I am not justified in revealing the hundred private details which came out and gave conviction to individual sitters. But these notes may be sufficient to confirm the reiterated statements of all serious investigators during the last forty years that the best results can only be achieved by the circle being composed of the same people, sitting on the same day of the week at the same time. W. T. Stead rightly valued these weekly meetings, but he only regarded them as pleasant periodical incidents in his

magnificent plan of eventually enabling all, young and old, strong and weak, rich and poor, to get into touch with those whom they had loved, and feared that they had lost."

THAT MAGNIFICENT PLAN WAS JULIA'S BUREAU costing, at least, a thousand pounds a year to run, the bulk of which, let it be remembered, Mr. W. T. Stead paid for out of his own pocket. Never in the history of Modern Spiritualism has there been a more nobly conceived philanthropic scheme to bring the earnest investigator and the departed into touch. On the earth-plane, Mr. Stead's indomitable will, excessive energy and benevolent hand, at the head of affairs, will be wanting.

\* STATEMENT BY E. R. SEROCOLD SKEELS, OF  
55, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

"There is no one for whom I had greater regard than Mr. Stead, and I feel as if I had lost, so far as this plane is concerned, a near and dear relative. I assisted him in forming 'Julia's Bureau' in April, 1909, and have never ceased my connection with it. I have, hanging up in my study, a photograph of Julia, signed by her (through Mr. Stead's automatic hand) 'To the Hon. Treasurer of My Bureau, Julia A. Ames.'

"Before practically investigating the pheno-

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\*I regret owing to pressure on space to confine myself to extracts bearing on Mr. Stead's return.

mena, I read the experiences of savants and scientists, such as A. R. Wallace, Sir William Crookes and Professor Richet, and when I read of the storms of abuse and incredulity which had met them, I felt that here were men who had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the publication of truths which were so unpalatable, and that they would certainly have kept silence if they had had the faintest doubt as to the reality of the phenomena to which they testified.

“I have somewhat of an analytical mind and have ever refused to accept a supernormal explanation for a phenomenon until every normal one has been eliminated.

“Mr. Stead in his good-humoured way scolded me continually for carrying this trait too far, and I was called by him ‘the psychical researcher of the Bureau.’ The ignominy of this brand will be recognised by those who have heard his views on the S.P.R.!

“Referring to the seances with Mrs. Wriedt, which are described elsewhere, I had several sittings with her last year, and while I have yet to receive *conclusive proof* of the identity of the ‘voices,’ I had ample evidence to convince me that the phenomena were superphysical. *On May 6th of this year, I attended another seance with Mrs. Wriedt, all the sitters being personal friends of Mr. Stead’s, and I distinctly saw an etherealisation of him, head and shoulders, with the beard slightly whiter than I remember it. I am not in the least clairvoyant and am certain that what I saw was objective.*

(Signed) E. R. SEROCOLD SKEELS.”

FROM MR. STEAD'S DEVOTED CONFIDENTIAL  
SECRETARY, MISS HARPER.

"My mother and I were both present on May 6th. We saw Mr. Stead, absolutely unmistakably, and heard him speak."

EDITH K. HARPER,

London, May 13th. S. A. ADELE HARPER.

THE TESTIMONY OF MRS. ELLA ANKER,  
Journalist, London Correspondent of "Dagbladet Kristiania."

At a subsequent sitting to that mentioned by Miss Stead, Mr. Stead appeared, this being testified to by a Norwegian lady and several other persons. Mrs. Anker says:—

"The room was perfectly dark and all had been sitting for some time without hearing any voices or seeing any lights, when suddenly William Stead's face appeared in brilliant light. It lasted for several seconds, perfectly clear and distinct till it disappeared suddenly. After a while his face again appeared, in the corner of the room, now still clearer, and we saw his head and shoulders in his ordinary attire.

"Afterwards, his voice was heard speaking characteristically in his own way. We all distinguished what he said.

ELLA ANKER."

And eleven signatures all present.

STATEMENT BY MAJOR - GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B., late Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Forces at the War Office.

This distinguished officer is as courageous in psychic inquiry as he has proved himself to be in military service. I give the statement as originally contributed to the Press.

MR. STEAD: SPIRIT.\*

“I have made a serious study of the occult nearly all my life, so far as professional and other obligations have permitted, and for the last twenty years I have devoted much thought and time to the investigation of the subject, in which I was closely associated with a dear, steadfast, and valued friend, the late Mr. W. T. Stead, with whom and by whose aid I have been enabled to acquire many most helpful and valuable experiences.

“I was naturally deeply grieved at his passing over, and on the Sunday morning following the wreck of the ‘Titanic’ I visited a lady who has great powers of clairvoyance to endeavour to obtain information regarding him from over the border. I may here say that the clairvoyant knew nothing whatever of my acquaintance with Mr. Stead.

“After a few moments she saw a figure standing behind me which she described exactly as Stead, and said that he looked quite calm and happy,

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\* Vanity Fair (p. 394, Oct., 1912), London.

and was holding a little girl by the hand. He could not manifest to me directly in any way.

"I at once communicated what I had seen to Cambridge House, Wimbledon, where I was to have met him in the flesh on May 11th, and I was informed in reply that an apparition of our friend exactly similar to that described to me, and holding a child by the hand, had been seen at Cambridge House.

"A few days later I held a small seance at my own house; the sitters were all serious and long-experienced occultists. We had hardly commenced when Mr. Stead's voice, well-known to everyone present, was heard; he remained speaking to us for a considerable time, but did not materialise.

"He expressed various wishes to a lady from Cambridge House, who had been his private secretary, and he then described to us his transition from this world to the next, which to him, beyond a short struggle as the spirit left the body, was but little more than passing from one place to another—as might be expected with confidence in the case of one for whom death had no terrors, and who regarded it as the means of passing to a world better in every sense than this.

"He further said that he would manifest visibly to me on a certain evening at Cambridge House. His voice died away, and though we had not seen him we were conscious that he had gone.

"No professional or paid medium was present



on the occasion, but all the sitters, seven or eight in number, were possessed of strong psychic powers, and were in fact, more or less mediums. The seance was held with locked doors in my library; what I heard was heard by all present, and no tricks, fraud, or deception were possible.

"A few days later I attended a seance at Cambridge House on the appointed evening. Mrs. Wriedt, the wonderfully gifted American medium, was present. On this occasion our friend did not speak, but he showed himself twice to us for less than a minute each time; he looked perfectly composed and happy, and smiled benignly at us, but apparently he could not raise his voice or reply to any of the questions we asked him. The circle was a mixed and by no means a strong one, and we had very few results or demonstrations of any kind, as is always the case when the psychic power of those present is small.

"These are a few of my experiences in the regions of spiritualism; had they occurred to myself alone it would have appeared not unreasonable to many to conclude that they were the emanations of a highly wrought and imaginative temperament. I take it, however, that few who think at all on the subject will pretend to believe that collective and simultaneous hallucination can account for the supposed appearance of phenomena. What I have seen and heard in this respect has been seen and heard with me by countless others from time to



time. I have hitherto abstained from writing my experiences of occultism ; but I now record them to some extent as many others have recorded theirs, regardless of the hostile comment which may arise from my doing so. If the consideration of these experiences brings comfort to the minds of even a very few I shall be fully satisfied."

## CHAPTER VI.

# Remarkable Phenomena in the Light, and Further Etherealisation of Mr. Stead.

STATEMENT BY FELICIA R. SCATCHERD

("Felix Rudolph.")

"No record of the phase of phenomena described below seems to have reached you, so I send the following extract from my notes, written immediately after occurrence.

"The phenomena were repeated a fortnight later, with slight variations.

"May 29th, 1912. Julia's Bureau. We had nearly finished supper. The electric light was on full. We were all talking. Mrs. Wriedt was telling us about her first meeting with Mr. W. T. Stead, when I saw Mr. Mallinson looking with startled eyes at the very large marguerite bush that has occupied Mr. Stead's chair at the head of the dining-room table for the last month. Mrs. Wriedt sat on the right side of the table, I on the left facing her. So the plant was between us. I followed Mr. Mallinson's gaze

to the blossoms nearest to Mrs. Wriedt. They were in agitated movement one after the other, then all together. The rest of the plant was quiet. But as I looked, the topmost blossom moved *alone*; later others 'bowed,' as one of the guests said.

"'Well done! Now move the whole plant,' I exclaimed. It turned, pot and all, towards me.

"'Perhaps you can move the chair also!' Almost immediately the chair was twisted from right angles to a position of forty-five degrees from the table, so that the left corner of the chair faced me. Then, still keeping that position with reference to the table, it was shifted six or eight inches nearer to where I was sitting.

"We all felt the floor, walls and windows vibrating. I have twice experienced earthquake shocks in the Ionian Islands. The sensation was similar.

"Mrs. Harper cried: 'That's right, Chief! keep your word!' We were all sitting away from the table, to be sure no involuntary action had shaken the plant, after we first noticed its movements.

"I suggested the lowering of the lights. The electric switch was turned off, leaving us in darkness, except for light from outside.

"Three violent shocks caused the windows to rattle; the crockery clattered, and the walls and floor were shaken by a deep-seated vibratory movement, that I can only liken, as I have said, to my earthquake experiences. This movement was accompanied by the sound of heavy foot-

falls, as of someone stamping round the room. Then all was still. We turned on the lights.

“There were one or two slight movements of blossoms afterwards, otherwise nothing more occurred. The chair is a heavy one. It had moved to the left some eight inches, having previously twisted on its right back leg through an arc of forty-five degrees.

“Mrs. Harper, why did you say: ‘That’s right, Chief! keep your word?’

“The explanation was that about a fortnight before leaving England, one Wednesday at the Bureau Supper, Mr. Stead was rather scornful of the ‘raps’ which he could not hear too well. ‘When I come back I shall stamp around the room and shake the floor and windows. There will be no mistake about my being there!’ or words to that effect. I was in Greece at that time. The statement was confirmed by all present on the occasion.”

Mrs. Mallinson, of Kingston-on-Thames, who has already testified to Mr. Stead’s return has been good enough to inform me that she had the privilege of sitting in “Julia’s” Circle for nearly three years, in Mr. Stead’s Wimbledon house, and says:—

“I sat next to Mr. Stead at supper two or three weeks before his fatal journey, and heard him say that when *he* came back from the other side he would shake the floor and walls and stamp round the room. I was also present at supper on May 29th, when the room was shaken

as though by earthquake. I had to take hold of the table as my chair rocked. I heard heavy steps round the room and saw Mr. Stead's chair moving alone."

That Mr. Stead's manifestations should be more marked in Cambridge House than elsewhere is not surprising. Were not the very walls, and the furniture, charged with his magnetism and virile presence when he was in the body? Were not all persons present most in sympathy with Mr. Stead, his spiritualism and schemes for the greater good, when he was in the physical? Were they not persons who sat with him in "Julia's" circle, with one accord and purpose, that spirit communion should prove a blessing to others? and finally had they not the presence of an exceptionally fine medium in Mrs. Wriedt? Under all these circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Stead should be able in his own home, in the presence of his beloved daughter Emma, called Estelle, and devoted friends, give these striking manifestations.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF COUNT CEDO MIYATTOVICH.

The Count testifies having seen and heard Mr. W. T. Stead shortly after his departure, on Thursday, May 16th, and Friday, May 24th, in Cambridge House. His testimony is valuable, as Mr. Stead was an old and a dear friend; it is corroborated by reputable witnesses, and it

is given out of regard to a strong sense of duty. The Count was not convinced as to the phenomena of Spiritualism till he had these experiences. In his public career he was Ambassador to the Court of St. James in the reigns of Their late Majesties Queen Victoria and King Edward.

The evidence reminds me of an extraordinary incident in which Mr. Stead and he were concerned, *i.e.*, being witnesses to the dramatic prediction in the year 1903, by the Yorkshire seeress, Mrs. Burchell, of the assassination of the King and Queen of Servia, which was tragically fulfilled immediately afterwards, filling Europe and Britain with horror.

“ Having heard that at Mr. W. T. Stead’s House at Wimbledon the remarkable American medium, Mrs. Wriedt, with whom Vice-Admiral Moore experimented, was staying, I went there, accompanied by my friend, Mr. H. Hinkovitch, Doctor of Law, and a distinguished Barrister at Agram (Croatia), who had just arrived in London.

“ Thursday, May 16th, 10.30 a.m., Mrs. Wriedt took us to Julia’s Bureau. As I have been on a previous occasion in that room, and examined the cabinet with several German Doctors, I did not think it necessary to do that on this occasion.

“ I and Dr. Hinkovitch took seats near each other in the centre of the room facing the cabinet. Mrs. Wriedt did not enter the cabinet, but sat all the time on a chair near me. She placed a tin speaking tube (Megalophon) in front

of my friend. She started an automatic musical clock and put all the lights out, so that we sat in perfect darkness.

"When a beautiful melody of a somewhat sacred character was finished by the clock, Mrs. Wriedt said to us that the conditions were very good, and that we should be able not only to hear, but also to see some spirits. 'Yes,' she continued, 'here is the spirit of a young woman. She nods to you Mr. Miyattovich; do you not see her?' I did not see her, but my friend saw a piece of oblong and illuminated fog. 'She whispers to you,' continued Mrs. Wriedt, 'that her name is Mayell—Adela or Ada Mayell!

"I was astounded. Only three weeks ago died Miss Ada Mayell, a very dear friend of mine to whom I was deeply attached. But in that moment there was no other manifestation of her. She disappeared without saying anything more except her name.

"Next moment a light appeared from behind the medium and moved from the left to the right of the cabinet, as if carried slowly by a soft breeze. There, in that slowly moving light, was not the spirit but the very person of my friend, William T. Stead, not wrapt in white wrappers, as I have seen spirits at other seances, but in his usual walking costume! We both, I and Mrs. Wriedt, exclaimed loudly from joy. My friend Hinkovitch, who only knew Mr. Stead from photos, said, 'Yes, that is Mr. Stead!'

“Mr. Stead’s spirit nodded to me in a friendly manner and disappeared. Half a minute later he appeared again and stood opposite me (but somewhat higher above the floor), looking at me and bowing to me. And a little later he appeared again for the third time, seen by us all three still more clearly than before. After his third disappearance I felt that the speaking tube was moved towards my face, and then we all three heard distinctly these words:—

“‘Yes, I am Stead—William T. Stead! And, my dear friend Miyattovich, I am so pleased you came here. I myself came here expressly to give you a fresh proof that there is life after death, and that Spiritism is true. I tried to persuade you of that while here, but you always hesitated to accept that truth.’

“There I interrupted him by saying: ‘But you know I always believed what you said to me!’

“‘Yes,’ he continued, ‘You believed because I was telling you something about it, but now I come here to bring you a proof of what I was telling you, that you should not only believe, but *know* (pronouncing that word with great emphasis) that there is really a life after death, and that Spiritism is true! Now, good-bye, my friend! Yes, here is Adela Mayell, who wishes to speak to you!’

“Stead never knew Miss Adela Mayell in this life, nor had he ever heard her name before. She then spoke to me in her affectionate and



generous manner. There is no need to report here all she said to me. Mrs. Wriedt and Mr. Hinkovitch heard every word she said.

“Then to my own and to my Croatian friend’s astonishment, a loud voice began to talk to him in the Croatian language. It was an old friend, a physician by profession, who died suddenly from heart disease. Mrs. Wriedt for the first time in her life heard how the Croatian language sounds.

“I, and my Croatian friend, were deeply impressed by what we had witnessed on that day, May 16th, between 11 and 12 o’clock at noon. I spoke of it to many of my friends as the most wonderful experience of my life. I spoke of it to the most scientific woman of Germany, Frau Professor Margarete Slenka, who had just returned from Teneriffe, where she was establishing a station for the scientific observation of apes. Mme. Slenka came to London to hear all the details of the ‘Titanic’ catastrophe, in which her great friend, W. T. Stead, perished. We arranged to have a private seance with Mrs. Wriedt on Friday, May 24th, at one o’clock. That seance was held in Julia’s Bureau, but, excepting that a voice shouted once, ‘sit quiet on the chair!’ no other manifestation took place. By arrangement with Mrs. Wriedt, I and Mme. Slenka returned in the evening, and at eight o’clock we had a seance, at which, besides Mme. Slenka and myself, Mrs. and Miss Harper, and a very charming lady, whose name I did not ascertain, were present. After a short time from the

beginning of the seance we all saw Mr. Stead appear, but hardly for more than ten seconds. He disappeared, to reappear again somewhat more distinctly, but not so clearly as he appeared to me on May 16th. That was the only materialisation phenomenon of that evening, but as compensation we had wonderful and various voicing manifestations. Mr. Stead had a long conversation with Mme. Selenka and a short one with me, reminding me of an incident which, two years ago, took place in his office in Mowbray House. Then, again, Miss Ada Mayell spoke to me, telling me, among other things, that she knew that her sisters and her niece wrote to me, as she wished them to do. After her, my own mother came and spoke to me in our own Servian language most affectionately. Mme. Selenka had a very affecting conversation with her husband, Professor Lorentz Selenka, of the Munich University, and also with her own mother, who died last year in Hamburg; both those conversations were carried on in German.

STATEMENT OF Mons. W. de KERLOR,

1, Piccadilly Place, London, W., August 27th, 1912.

This gentleman is a gifted linguist, with whom Mr. W. T. Stead had many conversations, hence the reference in the communication. With that we are not concerned. What is of greater importance to us are the two outstanding facts, viz., M. de Kerlor was acquainted with Mr.

Stead when in the body ; that he is a witness to Mr. Stead's return, having seen him on two occasions, and heard him speaking to himself, in the presence of Mrs. Anker, the Norwegian journalist, Mr. Yeates, the Irish dramatist, Mrs. Harper, Miss Harper (Mr. Stead's private secretary), and others.

“On Tuesday, June 18th, at Julia's Bureau, Wimbledon, I sat at one of the most convincing seances which it has been my lot to attend during the last ten years. During the first half hour no manifestations occurred, but after we had joined in singing a favourite hymn of Mr. W. T. Stead's, and in reciting the Lord's Prayer, we had not long to wait before several sitters exclaimed that they saw lights—red balls of light flitting about the room to and fro. We saw them objectively.

“The medium, who throughout the whole of this sitting was normally conscious—that is, completely awake—began to give one or two ‘descriptions,’ upon which general comment followed. It was then that Miss Harper and Mrs. Wriedt asked me if I had had impressions or visions of things around, to which I replied that I could distinctly see a letter “A,” and the symbol of an anchor.

“The lady sitting on my right hand at once exclaimed: ‘But that is my husband! He only died a short time ago. That is my name, I am Mrs. Anker, and I feel certain that he will come and speak to me through the trumpet.’

“This was most interesting, since I have never met the lady before, nor even been introduced to her; and still more interesting on account of the singular way in which the spirit was making his presence known by means of a pictorial symbol.

“Then I went on with the description of the profile of a man trying to open his mouth as if attempting to speak. The profile looked, the medium thought, like that of Dr. J. M. Peebles, of America, who, by-the-by, is still in the flesh. In quick succession to this, Mr. W. T. Stead’s face appeared right in front of me. It came from the medium’s direction. While we were all debating as to the nationality and identity of the profile, suddenly Mr. Stead’s voice spoke in a most stentorian manner, startling everyone, myself in particular. His first words were uttered very emphatically. He said:—

“‘My dear Mr. de Kerlor,—My dear boy, forgive me for not having taken heed of the predictions and warnings you gave me.’

“Then, suddenly turning to the other members of the audience, he said: ‘I declare, and wish everybody here present to know, that this gentleman, Mr. de Kerlor, did prophesy to me coming death, troubles, disaster, and I regret so much that I did not give more attention to his predictions. I did not like to hear them at the time.’ The voice in making this statement was very emphatic.

“By that time I was quite overcome with emotion. Quickly regaining my self-control,

I reminded Mr. Stead of my last visit to him, some three or four weeks before his departure for America, and of his inability to see me owing to his being engaged on an article for his paper.

“His voice then became singularly pathetic and *choked with emotion* (a noted peculiarity of the voice that evening) and he said, ‘Yes, yes, I was so busy. Oh, if only I had understood! . . . but time is so short!’ A little conversation of a personal nature followed.

“He encouraged me in glowing words, and prompted me to go on with the work of proving the truth of spirit return.

“When I replied that I had sometimes doubted, but fully believed now, Mr. Stead’s tones at once became characteristically emphatic, as he said with great force: ‘You must not say you believe—you must say you *know*.’

“I then asked him to describe his last moments, and the manner of his transition, to which he replied that he died from a shock against the right side of the forehead, and that his physical life was extinct before he reached the water. When the boat plunged he went headlong and remembered no more!

“We had conversed practically for almost half-an-hour continuously.

“Everyone was delighted at having received such convincing proof of spirit return—the manifestation was so real, the voice so exactly like his when alive, the words and emphatic assertions in every detail so like himself—so

complete, so impressive, and the reality of Mr. Stead's personality so tangible, that when the voice ceased, one almost asked oneself whether he had not been bodily present. It seemed incredible that we had been listening to one who had so recently passed to the great beyond.

"To close the meeting 'Julia's' voice was heard through the trumpet and she wished us good night.

"At the sitting held on June 25th, many friends came to me and spoke in English, my grandfather in French, an old friend in German, in which languages I replied to each individually. Mr. Stead came again and we had a conversation. I asked Mr. Stead if he would help me during the lecture at the Club, and he replied—'Of course I will with gladness, but I am sorry I can't be with you all the time as I must go to my other meeting; you know, my memorial service to be held at Queen's Hall (June 26th), but I will do my best to help you! I am glad that Dr. Wallace will be in the chair! That is well! It's as it should be!'

"The remark about Dr. Wallace astonished me, for not a single mortal knew about Dr. Wallace taking the chair, as although I had approached the doctor, he had been reluctant and it was not till mid-day of the 26th that he consented over the 'phone to be my chairman that evening. I want no more convincing evidence of Mr. Stead's return."

As Mons. de Kerlor is a professional psychist, I felt it my duty not to produce his statement, without strong corroborative evidence which I now produce.

#### IMPORTANT CERTIFICATE.

Tuesday Evening, June 18th, 1912.

“ At Mrs. Wriedt’s seance to-night Mr. Stead spoke through the trumpet, clearly and with great emphasis; he greeted M. de Kerlor, reminding him of his prophecy concerning death and disaster, and saying, ‘ I did not like to hear it at the time, but you have proved right . . . ’ He encouraged M. de Kerlor to go on with the work of proving the truth of spirit return, and when the latter replied that he had sometimes doubted, but fully believed now, Mr. Stead answered with great force, you must not say you *believe*, you must say you **KNOW**. ’ ”

Signed by the following, who were present and heard the foregoing:—E. R. Richards, W. B. Yeates, M. Jacob, S. A. Adela Harper, Nini Blom, Herbert Platt, Etta Wriedt, Wm. Blom, Ella Anker, Martin Steinsvik, W. de Kerlor, Edith Katherine Harper, Secretary, Julia’s Bureau.

#### MEMORANDUM.

“ On February 23rd, 1912, at the International Psychic Club, M. W. de Kerlor, at the end of the lecture on ‘ Astral Projections, ’ gave me a symbolic message for Mr. Stead in the form of a clair-



voyant vision. He described a huge ship, or which he could only see the back part. In place of the name of the ship he saw a number of wreaths of immortelles. He took this to mean trouble and difficulty, and a very gloomy condition in connection with Mr. Stead. He also described another symbolic vision, of a stone called an agatha, in the midst of which Mr. Stead was standing with the veins of the stone encircling him. This denoted, M. de Kerlor said—limitations, difficulties and troubles from which he could not free himself. This stone M. de Kerlor told me is symbolic of funerals and mourning, and was ascribed by the ancients to the malific influence of the planet Saturn.

“My mother, who was present, heard M. de Kerlor say this, and appends her signature, together with my own, in testimony to the accuracy of the above.”

EDITH K. HARPER,

Secretary, Julia's Bureau,  
Cambridge House, Wimbledon, June 25th. 1912.

S. A. ADELA HARPER.

From the foregoing corroborations it will be seen that Mons. de Kerlor's testimony is correct as to what the “voice” said, also that gloomy statements were made on several occasions between September, 1911, and Mr. Stead's departure for America in April, 1912. A careful examination of all the evidence, makes it clear to me, Mr. Stead had no *definite* warning from any source prior to leaving England.



I cannot do better than conclude these testimonies as to Mr. W. T. Stead's manifestations in Cambridge House, by taking an extract from a letter of Miss Estelle Stead, addressed to Mrs. Bright, of the *Harbinger*, Melbourne. Miss Stead says:—

“The following, taken from my notes of a sitting my brother Jack and I had with Mrs. Wriedt, will, I am sure, interest you.

“June 23rd—Mrs. Wriedt put out the lights, and we sat talking for a few minutes when Mrs. Wriedt started the musical box. We were all three sitting together, right away from the cabinet, in the centre of the room. Presently we saw a light in the cabinet, and in a few moments we saw Father's etherealised face. It was not quite such a clear etherealisation as the one I had seen before; but unmistakably Father. He seemed to be holding his hand to his face. He came right out of the cabinet over to us. He disappeared and presently we saw him again. This time he did not move from the cabinet, and the etherealisation was clearer. He turned to my brother and to me and smiled. Again he disappeared; then once more we saw the dear face, and this time it came right over to us. It disappeared again and we waited a few seconds and then my brother Will spoke through the trumpet. He greeted us both and said Father would speak to us in a few moments, and we soon heard Father's dear strong voice, full of emotion, as he greeted us both. After this we talked for about half-an-hour. Sometimes

Father, by his eagerness, would lose power and let the trumpet fall. Then Will would pick it up and in his calm, quiet voice would explain what had happened, and whilst Father was getting back power, my brother would talk to us. Sometimes he would turn from us and ask Father a question, and we would then hear the mumbling of the two voices, after which Will would turn to us again."

Considering all that has been advanced to this stage, I can safely say "surely the evidence given of Mr. Stead's return may be accepted, and the statements made in the controls through Mrs. Coates, have been amply verified." Later on I present personal testimony verified, by seven and by fourteen sane and level-headed persons to Mr. Stead's etherealizations and "direct voice," manifestations in Glenbeg House.

## CHAPTER VII.

### **Psychic Photographs of Mr. W. T. Stead.**

Granting from the foregoing evidences in previous chapters, that it has been possible for Mr. Stead to manifest by various means known to him in earth-life, it is likely he should attempt to do so by what is called "Spirit Photography," as he had given much attention to this subject.

I do not propose to deal with the facts or problems of Spirit-produced photographs, as that would be outside our present purpose, but in the following I summarise the evidences to hand, as to the psychic photographs of Mr. W. T. Stead.

#### STATEMENT OF MR. WILLIAM WALKER.

This gentleman has had a photographic experience extending over 42 years, and I have the fullest confidence in his integrity, as well as his ability to testify to facts observed, and with it I give the testimony of Mr. Stead's secretary, as to the handwriting of her chief.

"In September, 1911, I called at Mr. Stead's office to show him my album of psychic photographs. He thanked me for doing so, and hoped that I would follow the matter up as psychic

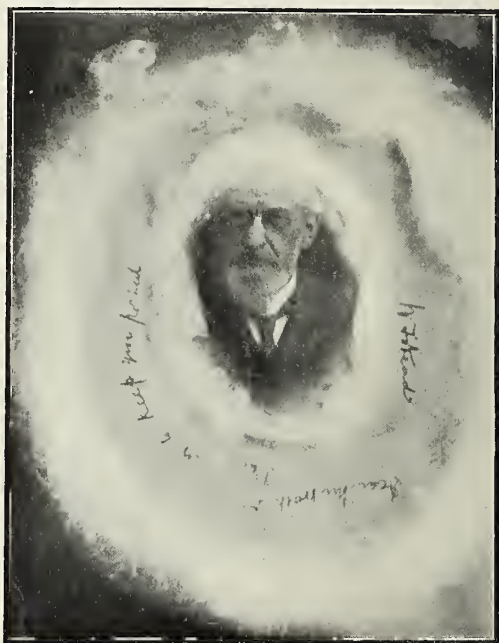


Fig. 1. Psychic Photograph of Mr. Stead's Handwriting.

photography, he considered, was of good value—as evidence, of course. He further desired that *I would keep him posted* in regard to future success. I had obtained other psychic photographs between Sept. 21st, 1911, the date of my visit to

Mr. Stead, and the date of the sad calamity to the 'Titanic,' but had not sent him copies, as I saw from the newspapers that he was fully engaged.

"When the sad calamity and loss of Mr. Stead appeared in the papers, my wife said, 'You promised to keep Mr. Stead posted, but now it is too late.' I felt very sad at the loss of so many lives, and to think that amongst them should be that of Mr. Stead, a champion of all that was good and true, and in reply to my wife I said, 'Very well, possibly he will comprehend why I did not write to him and send him copies as I promised, but *he will perhaps try to keep me posted.*'"

"On May 6th, 1912, I visited Crewe and sat with my friends for psychic photography; strict test conditions were made, and our own plates were used. Only one double dark-slide was used. I put the plates in the slide and took them out after exposure through the camera; also developed them. No. 1 plate contained the same message as was afterwards found on No. 2 plate (Fig. 1) but the letters were reversed. The message read as follows:—'Dear Mr. Walker, I will try to keep you posted.—W. T. Stead.'

"What could be more to the point than the message in response to my words spoken to my wife as before stated. Also, the writing of Mr. Stead is of the kind displayed on the photographic plate. The sitters could not produce that from thought as they were ignorant concerning it.

"Next—did some other spirit give it to us? A message in the recognised handwriting of any man or woman is considered good evidence, for

or against, in our Courts of Law. Why not in this case?

“On May 29th, 1912, I again sat for psychic photographs with my Crewe friends. On No. 1 plate, there appeared a cross extending from above my head down to the thighs, the lower portion is in the form of an anchor, caused by the attitude of a figure with the face turned away too far to be at present recognised, but I feel that this has reference to Mr. Stead and his manner of death, as the whole at first glance gives the idea of an anchor. On No. 2 plate we had no psychic effect. Later we obtained a psychograph—without the camera—which, when translated, read as follows: ‘Good day! Work well and have faith in doing right; hear much but say little, and remember that fortune favours the brave.’

“It is quite in keeping with Mr. Stead, though unsigned. I have faith in doing this as being right to uphold the truth of spirit return. We have heard much and said little, but we should be far from being brave to allow all that has been written to pass without adding these facts in support of Mr. Stead’s return.

(Signed) W. WALKER.”

3, Palace Road, Buxton,

#### VERIFICATION OF MR. WALKER’S PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

On the receipt of Mr. W. Walker’s contribution—which is so clear, straightforward and convincing—I did two things. First, turned up some old letters from Mr. Stead, and taking up

the first coming to hand, found in one, dated October 5th, 1896, from Mowbray House, Mr. W. T. Stead's characteristic signature. And secondly, I sent the photographs to Miss Harper,



(Fig 2). MR. A. W. ORR, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill, Surrey.  
Two Psychic Extras (1) Unknown ; (2) Mr. W. T. Stead.

who must have seen Mr. Stead sign letters innumerable, to get her opinion. In her letter of August 13th, which deals with other matters, she says :—

“With regard to the photographs you enclose from Mr. Walker, the ‘Stead’ one was submitted to me at the time, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker called in May and we had a long talk about it. I was very much interested, as I had heard much of the Crewe mediums, and said to Mr. Walker, ‘It is most certainly an exact facsimile of Mr. Stead’s handwriting.’ Mr. Stead’s handwriting was very *characteristic*, and not like anyone else’s. I have *no doubt* of its genuineness.”

That the handwriting in plate (Fig. 1) is that of Mr. W. T. Stead, produced subsequently to the eventful day, April 14th, there can be no doubt, in my mind.

Since the foregoing was written, I received a lengthy communication from Mr. William Walker, on January 14th, 1913, with an interesting photograph, with Mr. Orr of Kingston-on-Thames and himself, as subjects, and the psychic portrait of Mr. Stead enveloped in aura, partly upon and above them. It is an unmistakable likeness of Mr. Stead, and although too delicate for successful semi-tone production, is reproduced (Fig. 2).

With reference to the photograph of Mr. Stead, Mrs. Harper in her letter of August 13th, informs me:—

“That the small psychic photograph was taken in Cambridge House, June 16th, 1912. Mrs. Etta Wriedt, Miss Edith Katherine Harper, and myself being the only persons present at the sitting. The room was absolutely dark. Mr.



Stead had etherealised and 'Katie King.' During these etherealisations, I took a snap-shot with a No. 2 Brownie camera, which I was holding in my hand for readiness. The whole but one of the six films had been exposed and the last, sixth, one was the one on which the photograph was produced. The camera was covered up with a black cloth on the top of the Bournsnell music box. Mr. Bournsnell had promised to help me with psychic photography. The next day, when a client was having a private sitting with Mrs. Wriedt, Mr. Stead spoke and said:—

“ ‘Tell Mrs. Harper to attend to her camera at once, as there is something on it.’ ”

“After the sitting, Mrs. Wriedt conveyed the message as directed, with the result shown.

“At two subsequent sittings, Mr. Stead gave the explanation, in the 'direct voice,' that 'the picture represented a port-hole in the Titanic and his cabin door, and the ropes thrown over the side.' The door appears broken from its hinges.”

Miss Harper, referring to the above, says:—  
 “The psychic photograph of Mr. Stead was obtained by my mother. Mrs. Wriedt considers it the most wonderful experience in her mediumship.”

It was certainly the first experience of the kind in Mrs. Wriedt's 32 years of mediumship. She had, however, nothing to do with its photographic production. An examination of the print shows that it was not taken from a print, picture, or painting, much less of a cabin or port-hole in the “Titanic” I am thoroughly satisfied that this

is a genuine psychic photograph. As a photograph it is interesting, but owing to the delicate outlines of Mr. Stead's profile, does not lend itself to a half-tone reproduction.

The Rev. Charles Hall Cook, B.D., Ph.D., in a neat photographic brochure, from which I have taken extracts, says:—

“The general appearance of the psychic form under close inspection is different from that of my photograph and the others. The face has a waxen-like appearance, as of a mould made of wax or ‘Plaster of Paris.’ The clothing has a curious appearance as though it were made of fluidic substance. I have observed at mediumistic circles, under test conditions, the waxen-like appearance of faces of materialised forms and the peculiar-looking substance of their clothing. Also the psychic form in the picture has the appearance, not of flatness, as is made in stamping, but of an object rounded out or occupying dimensions in space. These incidents suggest the psychic portrait to be a ‘materialised’ form that was photographed—invisible to the physical eye but not to the camera.

“There are many and striking resemblances of the psychic face to the faces of the photographs, whilst the dissimilarities are apparently unimportant, except in one instance. The general appearance of the head and face of the psychic picture, in physiognomy, prominent features, symmetry, fulness and roundness of the head and face, is like that of the Stead-pictures.”



Fig. 3.—THE MARTIN-STEAD PHOTOGRAPH, showing the Rev. CHARLES HALL COOK, B.D., Ph.D., as subject and the psychic extra, and several photographs of Mr. STEAD (taken in life) for comparison.

The writer follows this with a careful analysis, and adds :—

‘There is a difference, a great difference ; it is the total absence in the psychic portrait of whiskers on the sides of the face, which are conspicuous in all the pictures of Mr. Stead, except ‘juvenile’ 4, in which the side-whiskers appear scanty. Why is this difference? A marked difference, indeed—the total absence of side-whiskers on the psychic face. Why?’

“A sidelight is let in on this question by Dr. Coates’ book, ‘Photographing the Invisible.’ This volume contains ample proof of the reproduction of original portraits by spirit agency. In some of these are differences more or less observable. Whilst in some instances the reproduction is almost wholly a facsimile of the original, yet there is a marked difference—a difference evidently made on purpose. Whatever may have been the object in the mind of the spirit artist, it is very evident in this case that the psychic portrait was not fraudulently produced. Possibly this fact explains why the difference was made and the purpose of it.

“So much for a critical study and comparison of the psychic picture with five photographs of Mr. Stead—in the course of which no less than two dozen actual resemblances have been pointed out, some of which are conspicuous for their identity or sameness. In what direction do these facts point? Or what do they suggest as a reasonable explanation? A *reasonable* explanation? Yes, in the data of *facts*.

“In the book referred to, titled ‘Photographing the Invisible’—quoting in substance the published opinion of eminent scientists, journalists and others, qualified to pronounce a reliable judgment—‘there is an overwhelming mass of evidence for the production of psychic photographs by spirit agency.’ And the most convincing kind of evidence cited in support of this conclusion is the numerous cases of recognition. Now, looking at this portrait from the point of view of the interpretation of facts that have been pointed out, if it is meant to be a manifestation of Mr. Stead, or to indicate his presence in any sense whatever, it is reasonable to think that the many and striking resemblances of it to photographs taken of him whilst living are not devoid of purpose. And who will deny? or on what ground of experimental knowledge and reason can he deny that these facts have a definite meaning? That is, to lead to recognition and ultimately to a profound conviction of that fact.

Rev. CHARLES HALL COOK, B.D., Ph.D.”

As the result of careful study of this phase of psycho-physics, I wish to emphasise my conviction that “Spirit cannot be photographed.” That something invisible can—a model in some cases, a phase of materialisation, matter in some form—yes; Spirit, never. The psychic “extra” on the photograph of Dr. Cook, is not a portrait of Mr. W. T. Stead as he was in the body, although not unlike the Stead-etherrealisation described by Count Cedo Miyattovitch, who

commented on the groomed appearance of his friend. Many of the features are like those of Mr. Stead, but the *tout ensemble* fails. As a portrait, the "extra" lacks Mr. Stead's ruggedness of feature, and presents a *tameness* wholly out of keeping with Mr. Stead's leonine expression. But that it is genuine for all that, I have not the slightest doubt.

I sent the doctor's account with photographs and the foregoing to Miss Stead. She replied:—

"I return the photos of my father. I do not think the Spirit one very like. It is like in details but not in expression. I think your explanation excellent."

A copy of the Martin-Stead picture was sent to Miss Harper, who says:—

"Parts of the face resemble Mr. Stead, and other parts are equally unlike. One would take it for a portrait of some one 'rather like Mr. Stead.' Of course, one does not know the difficulties which beset our dear friends who wish to impress their physical likeness on a plate, nor how much they have to draw from both the medium and sitter, which may detract from the perfect likeness."

The opinions of two persons most in touch with Mr. Stead are not favourable to the acceptance of the Martin-Stead photo. Miss Harper's letter is interesting in more ways than one, but her expression "physical likeness" is informative, as distinct from the general conception of photographs of spirits. Her statement is correct. Intelligences in the Invisible, given the appro-

priate conditions, do attempt to give us physical likenesses of what they *once were*, but not as they are now.

### THE COLLEY-STEAD PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH.

I am indebted to Miss Scatcherd for the facts concerning this photograph, which is to be found in her articles appearing in the November and December issues of *The International Psychic Gazette*, entitled "Spirit Photography: Psychophasms and Skotographs."

The article is too long to quote, and I content myself with producing one of the several illustrations, viz. No. 12, and summarising freely the account of this. On two occasions prior to this special photograph, there was obtained an extra of Mr. Stead on a full-sized plate at Stockton Rectory of a garden party. By accident a small portion of the plate was unexposed, and on this appears the face of Mr. Stead and a larger face that looks like a Mrs. M—— whose face is sufficiently clear to be recognised. On the following day, viz. May 14th, at Mr. Young's studio, Warwick, Mr. Stead's face came again, and each time clear enough to be recognised.

On a second plate taken that day, there was a reproduction of Mr. Stead's signature. It is quite perceptible on the print, but does not reproduce well. The singular thing about it is that the "t" is crossed. Miss Scatcherd, who possesses hundreds, has not one with the "t" crossed. Referring the matter to Miss Gillam,



Mr. Stead's private secretary, Miss Scatcherd was informed that on special occasions Mr. Stead did cross the "t." She writes:—

"I find the 't' crossed in an inscription on a photograph that Madame Novikoff showed me last week.

"On July 5th last, I went again to Stockton, and as the Archdeacon had his mediumistic friends with him, he begged me to join them.

"We had a short seance. The psychic said an elderly gentleman was beside me who wanted to give me his picture. He gave me instructions. I followed them faithfully. I opened a new packet of plates, selected two, and asked Archdeacon Colley to put them in the dark slide for me. He did so. Then I was told to wear them all night or put them under my pillow.

"I did not put them under my pillow. I kept them in my arms while I slept, and put them in my pocket while dressing and during breakfast. Then we were photographed. The Archdeacon on one and I on the other. At the last moment I insisted on a plain curtain being fastened over the Rectory door as a better background, and said mentally:—

" 'Mr. Stead, do come out on the Archdeacon's plate, not on mine. It will please him so.'

"I developed the plates. On mine are two indistinct forms. On the Archdeacon's is a face which very much resembles Mr. W. T. Stead. Indeed it is far more like him in expression than some of his numerous photos in existence."



Miss Scatterd, who does not profess to be an "expert," is an excellent photographer for all that. Mr. Young, photographer, of Warwick, and



Fig. 4.—The photograph of the Ven. Archdeacon COLLEY and the psychic portrait of Mr. STEAD, i.e., the No. 12 in Miss Scatterd's account.

the late Archdeacon Colley, neither need defence nor introduction.

In Mr. H. Blackwell's contribution, Mr. Stead is reported as stating he desired to be photo-

graphed. Taking into account the statements of Mrs. Harper, and her No. 2 Brownie photo; Mr. William Walker's and Mr. Orr's Crewe photos; Rev. Charles Hall Cook's Martin-Denver photo, and those referred to by Miss Scatcherd, we have reasonable grounds to conclude that the Intelligences in the Invisible have attempted to give us photography of Mr. Stead. The extra (Fig. 4) on the plate with Archdeacon Colley is certainly the best of these psychic productions. That this should be so is not surprising, as it was taken under the best possible conditions:—

- (a) Archdeacon Colley, an excellent photographer and psychic himself, was fully in sympathy with Mr. Stead.
- (b) Miss Scatcherd, a friend, mutually trusted by Mr. Stead and the Archdeacon.
- (c) The operator, being a well-tested and reliable non-professional medium.
- (d) Result being a distinctly recognisable portrait in features and expression of the departed W. T. Stead. It is also worthy of note that no similar picture of Mr. Stead has been taken of him in life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### **Mr. Stead Appears in Rothesay.**

In addition to the evidence given by those present in Cambridge House, Wimbledon, Surrey, as to the extraordinary occurrences there, I will now state my own personal experiences:—

Those who discard the trance, automatic, and clairvoyant and clairaudent phenomena, as pertaining to the subjective and the region of self-deception and imagination, are appealed to by psycho-physical phenomena. In our present state a pin-prick will appeal to us when a dream-thought, however beautiful, is treated as a “fancy,” and discarded. But, what shall we do, when the departed appeal to us for recognition by *all* modes, as assuredly Mr. Stead has done. Throughout all we see the same spirit but different forms of manifestation.

I will not detail here the many striking cases of etherealisation and voice phenomena occurring when Mrs. Wriedt was with us, in the

nine remarkable seances held in our home, but extract from my notes that which relates to Mr. Stead.

On Saturday, July 13th, 8 p.m., at our first sitting held with Mrs. Wriedt, there appeared among other etherealisations, the face of an old aunt, our son Dávid, Mr. Galloway's son Jack, and Mr. W. T. Stead. These were seen with more or less clearness by those to whom the "appearances" were presented. From what I have observed and from the comments of the sitters, these etherealisations have the appearance of a thin filmy cloud. The face and form—so far as seen—being thus presented. The operating intelligences present this luminous picture to some—while those at right angles to the presentation only see the luminous streak, or the edge of the cloud, next to them. Sometimes the form or cloudy likeness turns from one sitter to another, and is seen by them in turn. This happened more than once. When some cried out and said:—"Do you not see that light (or that form) Mr. Coates?" I had often to say "No." Then the light came and I saw the face. These etherealised faces, frequently appeared suddenly, moved rapidly, and then as suddenly disappeared. Although recognisable and *animated* appearances, they have not the definition of a painting or picture, and look more like the face of a friend looking at you through a curtain of fine white tulle or net, made visible from some emanating, inherent, luminous quality. These etherealisations are wholly objective. There is

no doubt whatever that they are seen, as all external objects are, owing to the light from them acting on the eye. With this attempted explanation, I will enter more into detail as to the psycho-physical manifestations of Mr. Stead at Glenbeg House.

July 13th, about 8.20 p.m., there were three etherealisations in rapid succession. Each remained long enough to be recognised. Mr. Stead was one, but not so well defined as that of my old aunt. Mrs. Coates and some of those near me saw the face, but none on the opposite side of the room, and Mrs. Wriedt, the medium, did not see it—only the light. Here then, while there was not the slightest doubt in our minds, about this etherealisation, it was not so clearly observed by others, to have (what I esteem of importance) sufficiently corroborating evidence by independent witnesses. Perhaps I am hard to please, but I know what the world wants.

Wednesday, July 17th. At a private seance held at 2 p.m., there were only seven persons present, including the medium. These were friends most in touch with ourselves, and the sitting was private, as our children wished to communicate, and they did most effectually. I will not deal with what took place, but confine myself to the manifestation of Mr. W. T. Stead. About 3 p.m. we were startled by his direct voice saying:—

“My dear Mr. Coates, you know who I am.”  
I did as soon as I heard that voice.

“I am Stead. God bless you for the work you

are doing. God bless you, Mrs. Coates, for enabling me to send that message to the world. God bless all the dear friends here, may you be true; may you never be ashamed or afraid of Spiritualism. May you never forget the privileges you have received in knowing this great revelation. God grant that you may never have to suffer on its account as I have. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Coates, I will help you. If any of you are at any time in trouble, call upon me, and I will try to be with you and help you. God bless all the dear friends and give them strength and power to make this great truth known. I am Stead, and have returned to you. God bless you, Mrs. Coates, for getting into your aura, and you Mr. Coates. Tell Mr. Robertson I have been."

I knew it was Stead, but the full and hearty tones of his greeting startled me as it did all of us.

Mrs. Wriedt nearly broke down when she heard the voice, saying, "Oh, dear Mr. Stead! How good it was of you to come." We did not know then as we did since, that Mr. Stead at Julia's Bureau, directed Mrs. Wriedt to go to Rothesay as he had a message to deliver. Those present will recollect the nature of his message, which is given imperfectly above. Although there is not much of his ability there, the message is to the point. The ringing tone and conviction in his voice will not be readily forgotten.

The following testify to the correctness of the foregoing:—Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Edinburgh; Mrs. M'Callum, Glasgow; Miss Arrol, Mrs. Coates, Mrs. Wriedt, and the writer. Of these, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, including ourselves, were present on the occasion when the message was received on April 26th, 1912. There was something appropriate that Mr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, who was the first to send that message to the Press, should be present when Mr. Stead addressed us in the direct voice.

At the next seance—the ninth of the series, held the same day (July 17th, 8 p.m.) we had further and more striking evidence of Mr. Stead's return. Without detailing all which occurred on that occasion, which is reserved for treatment elsewhere, I will note that with reference to Mr. Stead, the following occurred:—

About 9 p.m., “Dr. Sharp,” Mrs. Wriedt's guide, in his usually loud staccato tones, cried out, “Mr. Duncan, as you do not see very well I want you to rise from your seat and come round to Professor Coates, so as to be nearer the cabinet.” As the room was dark, Mr. Duncan could not very well “see” how he could obey directions. “Dr. Sharp,” soon solved the difficulty, by saying:—

“Take the hands of those near you and pass round to where Mr. Coates is sitting”; then shouting to my friend, Mr. Alexander, who is a little deaf, “Now, young man, sit in Mr. Duncan's seat, and the rest shift round. There you are, Mr. Duncan. You are seated next Mr. Coates.”

When "Dr. Sharp" was assured that all was right, he said:—

"Professor Coates, I want you to rise and take a step forward. That's it."

I rose and took a step forward, which brought me within a foot or eighteen inches from the front of the cabinet.

"Dr. Sharp" to Mr. Duncan: "Now, Mr. Duncan, take a step forward and join Mr. Coates' hand. We want to draw from you both."

What was going to happen we did not know, but certainly a cool air circulated around us, not unpleasant but distinctly felt. I suppose we were standing there one to two minutes when we were told to be seated.

Mrs. Coates whispered to me that she saw the form of Mr. Stead. I looked towards the cabinet; did not see anything, but in less time than it takes to write, I heard those about me exclaim: "There is a light at the cabinet; there's Mr. Stead." Looking up in that direction I, or rather we, saw the hazy light cloud, and the oval but indistinct face and bust of Mr. Stead, for two, perhaps three, seconds. It vanished as mysteriously as it came. A second or two afterwards, it came again, with the features, head and bust sufficiently distinct for us near at hand to observe that it was none other than Mr. Stead. The form moved, and appeared to go round the circle, bowing, as several made exclamations to that effect. And I know when Mr. Duncan, Mrs. Coates, Mr. Auld and I spoke to the effect that we recognised the face, *it bowed*.



There was a mobile expression amounting to a smile, and the face disappeared. The shoulders were darkly visible to those near, but Mrs. Coates said she saw the whole form of which the luminous head, face, and beard were apparent to ordinary vision.

Shortly after the withdrawal of this etherealisation, we again heard that voice, so individualised, distinct, resonant with joy and victory:—

“My dear Coates, my dear friends, God bless you all. I am Stead. You know me. You are greatly privileged in being witnesses for the great truth, that there is no death. I am not dead. Your own friends have been able to greet you here. May you have the boldness to go fearlessly forward and proclaim the glad tidings of great joy: there is no death. I am here. May you never falter or hesitate to make known the fact of spirit return. God bless you, Mrs. Coates, for giving these dear friends the opportunity they had this day of meeting with their dear ones and me. May everyone here be strengthened in all good resolves, and give to the world what they have received. God bless you, Mrs. Coates, for giving your services, without fee or reward, to the spirit-world, and Mr. Coates for his faithfulness in giving these facts to the world. God bless you all for your great and noble work.”

We now understood more fully why “Dr. Sharp” had moved Mr. Duncan nearer to the cabinet. There was a directing mind here, and it was that of Mr. Stead himself, who wished

the man who first gave his message of April 26th to the world. an opportunity to see his (Mr. Stead's) face. Owing to the physical causes mentioned, had Mr. Duncan sat where he was, he would not have seen Mr. Stead's face so clearly.

Mr. Stead, as I have already mentioned, desired Mrs. Wriedt, when at Julia's Bureau, to go specially to Rothesay as he had a message to deliver. He has surely redeemed his promise. He came, and spoke in his clear and emphatic voice, compelling attention.

Mr. Stead appeared delighted beyond measure, that he was able to show himself, or his simulacrum, by spirit processes, and address us in the direct voice.

So far, I have only given you my testimony. If this could not be supported by the corroboration of other reputable persons, I should not have given my own.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. AGNES M'ALLISTER, OF  
GLASGOW, AND CAIRO, EGYPT.

"Dear Mr. Coates,—I was present on the evenings of July 13th and 17th, when Mr. Stead etherealised, and was so clearly recognised by several present. I did not know him. I heard him address you—'Mrs. Coates and the dear people present.' I authorise you to use my name in evidence for the facts.

AGNES M'ALLISTER."

243, Great Western Road, Glasgow.

July 22nd, 1912.

TESTIMONY OF COUNCILLOR JOHN DUNCAN  
(Convener of Trades, Edinburgh Town Council)  
and MRS. DUNCAN.

“Dear Mr. and Mrs. Coates,—My wife and I had great pleasure in being with you again, and having the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Wriedt in your home. The sitting at 2 p.m., July 17th, was intended to be specially for the Rothesay Circle, of a family and private nature. There were seven present. Mr. Stead spoke in his clear and deliberate way. Again at the evening sitting at which there were fourteen present the results were truly marvellous, the etherealised forms being clearly visible, although in some cases the features were not clear to me. In Mr. Stead’s case I had no difficulty in recognising his features and etherealised form. He afterwards spoke for a short time in his usually emphatic and deliberate voice, but I could not commit to memory any of his remarks on this occasion. My wife and I have no doubt, in our minds, that Mr. W. T. Stead has been able to come back to earth and give messages through Mrs. Wriedt and Mrs. Coates.

JOHN DUNCAN,  
MARGARET DUNCAN.”

Dunearn, Granton Road, Edinburgh, 23/8/12.

TESTIMONY OF MR. CHARLES WALKER, Merchant,  
30, Cambridge Gardens, Pilrig, Leith, and ELIZABETH  
WALKER, his wife.

Mr. Charles Walker and his good lady, whose formal testimony I give below, wrote me a

friendly letter from Stirling, August 18th, 1912. He says:—

“Dear Mr. Coates,—Neither Mrs. Walker nor myself had the pleasure of knowing and seeing Mr. Stead when in the body. From photographs his face was quite familiar to us, so that we could recognise with certainty it was Mr. Stead who, on the evening of July 17th last, at a seance held in your house, etherealised and afterwards greeted us in a loud and cheery voice. ‘God bless you all.’ Then followed a short address which we cannot repeat in full. He reminded us that we had been greatly privileged in receiving such beautiful proofs. He exhorted all present to go fearlessly forward telling the glad tidings of great joy, that there was no death. Finishing, he said, ‘God bless you all in your great and noble work.’

CHARLES WALKER.

ELIZABETH WALKER.”

I will close this part with the evidence of three witnesses.

TESTIMONY OF MR. PETER GALLOWAY, Merchant  
Clothier and Outfitter, 98, Argyle Street, Glasgow,  
August 30th, 1912.

“Dear Mr. Coates,—I have to thank you for the opportunity you so kindly gave me of being present at the seances held in your house with Mrs. Wriedt last month, and feel I cannot express the pleasure derived in being a participator in the wonderful phenomena presented.

“It is only natural that the most wonderful and satisfying part to me was, when I looked in the etherealised face of my boy. When he presented himself in front of me, I asked, ‘Is that you, Jack?’ The figure nodded its head, and he (Jack) confirmed my recognition by asking me through the trumpet, ‘What did you think of my face, father?’

“I cannot close this letter without mentioning the fact that Mr. Stead also spoke through the trumpet, and I saw his etherealised form.”

I am, yours faithfully,

PETER GALLOWAY.”

Mr. Galloway deals with even more remarkable personal experiences—with his departed—but I refrain from producing them. I will produce them when I complete (D.V.) my treatment of the Wriedt sittings in Rothesay.

STATEMENT OF MR. JOHN AULD, Engineer, Glasgow,  
Hazelcliffe, Ardbeg, Rothesay.

This gentleman, an engineer and inventor of standing in Glasgow, sending me a report of what he saw and heard when attending the Wriedt seances in Rothesay, permits me to take the following which I think appropriate for this symposium.

“The most striking feature of the last two sittings of the series . . . was the number of etheric spirit forms to be seen about the room. At the last sitting, among the first to appear was

Mr. W. T. Stead, whom I at once recognised from his photographs. Mr. Stead was decidedly seen by us objectively, and his appearances were immediately followed by his voice exhorting us in strong, vigorous and natural accents to work energetically for this great truth, so satisfying to the hungry heart of humanity.

JOHN AULD."

#### HOW THE WRITING OF THIS WORK WAS SUGGESTED

While not disposed to give personal experiences on psychic matters to the world, this book would not have been written had it not been for the following:—

On the morning of July 19th, when busy penning notes on the Wriedt seances, I was strongly impressed and almost automatically wrote—

"HAS STEAD RETURNED?"

Mrs. Coates entered the room, and I called her attention to the writing. Subsequently I sent an article to *Light*, under this heading. The Editor inserted "Mr." I subsequently changed it to "W. T." and gathered the material and the work was written.

I felt that morning a strong impelling influence, which I thought was that of Mr. Stead.

I could not speak under direction, but heard by psychic modes: "Sit at your desk, with a clear head, early in the morning and I will help you with your work."

Mrs. Coates asked me who was influencing me—Mr. Stead?

I told her what I heard. She said she was glad, and expressed her opinion that Mr. Stead did not mean the fact to be kept from the Press, as had been suggested by some friends. Under Mr. Stead's control the following message was given:—

“Tell your husband to sit at his desk with a clear head and I will help him to give some of my thoughts to the world. God bless you, my dear Mrs. Coates, for having given yourself so freely to the service of the spirit world. Yes, I will help you both if your husband will do as I suggest.”

Mrs. Coates: “It has been stated that Mrs. Stead has not been favourable to your work for Spiritualism. I hardly think that is true.”

Mr. Stead: “My dear Mrs. Coates, I prefer not to enter into private matters. The statement is partly correct. My dear wife, with the very best motives, did not see eye to eye with me. She was most devoted to my best interests and would have saved me from what she thought was wrong and would bring injury to me. A devoted mother, I would not that she was harassed. I cannot express how indebted I am to her. If she sought to restrain me it was for the best. Yes, all my family are devoted to me and each in their way honour me, and will carry on the work which I was instrumental in initiating. When the right time comes, friends nearer home will attend to that.

“God bless you, Mrs. Coates, I am glad I was able to use you, and show myself to you all. Be of good courage, I will come again.”

At this point there was an interruption. Mr. Mackintosh, of Springburn, had called. He came to return a copy of the *Psychic Gazette*. He had been deeply interested in a lecture by Count Hamon, delivered at the International Psychic Club, London. In the report of the lecture it is stated: “That the Brahmins formed a circle. . . . They sat round according to their zodiacal order, and communed with the Gods and Rulers on higher spheres, etc.”

Mr. Mackintosh enlarged upon this with his usual enthusiasm, producing certain astrological calculations he had made, with the view to arranging sitters in circles for spirit communion.

Mr. Stead suddenly controlled me and said:—

“Dear friend, I do not know who you are. I have never seen you till I met you here. I am glad to know you are interested in this subject of subjects—this problem of problems. It is of less interest to you than your astrological speculations. That is where you err. I do not say that there are angels, archangels, and rulers in other worlds, who communicate on earth. I do not know. If true, it is not of great importance compared with ‘*Do the dead return?*’ That is the question of questions, waiting for solution in a thousand souls. It is only your Toms, Dicks and Harrys, those whom you knew in the flesh, can answer the question, not the archangels, the gods and rulers of other worlds. The touch of



the vanished hand of a little child on her mother's knee ; the sound of a voice that is still, to the children of a mother who has gone. These are the evidences for which humanity is crying. Will you help to give them ? When you talk of astrology, you appeal to the few and they do not understand. I do not say astrology is not true ; I tested it while on earth and believe there is a good deal in it. I know nothing more about it now than then. Tell the world—your world, the world of which you are the centre—what you know of Spiritualism—what you have seen and heard here, and you will bless them and do them good. You will give them that for which their souls are hungry. It is not abstractions, abstruse propositions and subtle calculations which appeal to the heart, arresting the soul's deepest thought. Give them astrology and you are knocking your head against a stone wall, hurting yourself and doing the wall no good. Give them something within the grasp of comprehension, and you will best serve them and do good to your own soul.

“ It is not what you like or what you want to do, you should seek to do. Arise superior to all that and give yourself more fully up to proclaim the truth of survival beyond the grave—the conquest of death—the victory of life. Tell all in your world what you have seen, heard, and know to be true. Then you will bless them, and enlarge their and your own world of influence.

“ Each one is the centre of their own world. Mrs. Coates in hers, Mr. Coates in his, you in

yours, where there is real sympathy these worlds impinge upon and affect one another. Will you then enlarge your world and bring joy, health and happiness to others, by giving to them the facts and simple lessons derived from them.

“I am helping Mr. Coates, and we must go now. God bless you, dear friend. Live for others and enlarge your sphere of action.”

I next found myself at the desk and rapidly wrote the above. Still under direction I returned to the drawing room, read the foregoing to Mrs. Coates and Mr. Mackintosh, they were asked if it faithfully represented what was said. Both agreed that the statements were correct. The influence passed away and I was free all the rest of the day. It appears Mr. Stead was helping me according to the promise made at the seances held on Wednesday.

I never had a similar experience in my life, as in all instances where utterances came in inspirational or semi-trance modes, I was unable to remember correctly, much less record what had been said. Whether the subject-matter is worthy of Mr. Stead or not, those who know him must judge for themselves.

#### CONFIRMATION OF THE FOREGOING.

Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, in his letter dated Springburn, October 22nd, 1912, covering his report of personal experiences at the Wriedt seances held in Rothesay, says:—

“I cannot forget the remarkable speech which Mr. W. T. Stead gave through your lips that

Thursday morning I called on you at 11 o'clock. What the world wants is not some angel or archangel, but the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Miss Stead also confirms the private reference as correct, and says the whole is characteristic of her father.

## CHAPTER IX.

### **Mr. W. T. Stead Manifests in Glasgow.**

That W. T. Stead spoke in Glasgow is testified to by Mr. James Robertson, Mr. Peter Galloway and others, all staid and reliable persons. But not to take up too much space I produce the statements of Mr. William F. Thomson and Mr. J. B. Surgenor. I give the letter of the latter all the more freely as it was not addressed to me.

“Dear Mr. Galloway:—I have a very clear and distinct recollection of the visit of Mr. W. T. Stead to the seance held with Mrs. Wriedt in Mr. Robertson's house on Friday evening, July 19th. Sitting, as I was, beside the medium, I was deeply interested in the conversation because of the personality of the speaker—the tragic circumstances of his passing on, and the fact that he was the first (with the exception of ‘Dr. Sharp’) to address her personally. He first expressed himself as being pleased to be able to come, and the pleasure it gave him to meet us all. He then asked Mrs. Wriedt regarding her proposed visit to

South Africa. In answer to his question as to whether or not she was going, she replied that she could not go alone, and that he had promised to go with her. His reply was—‘Yes, I know. I will go with you still.’ To which she replied—‘Of course you will, Mr. Stead, but not in the body.’ His answer was—‘That’s impossible now, but all the same I would like you to go.’

“She next said—‘I want to talk to you, Mr. Stead, about your daughter, whom I met in London.’ His reply was—‘Yes, I know about that, but we won’t discuss that matter now; we will leave it till we meet at Julia’s Bureau, when you come south again.’ Her answer was—‘All right, Mr. Stead, you know best.’

“He next addressed Mr. Robertson by name, who expressed his pleasure at having the opportunity of speaking to him, and a short conversation followed regarding his work done here, and which he was still carrying on, on the other side. The seance was, in my opinion, a most convincing one. The manifestations were all good. There was no mistaking the strong personality of Mr. Stead. Mrs. Wriedt is a woman with a wonderful gift, which, while it must be a blessing to herself, brings joy to the mourner and turns the darkness of night into the brightness of the noonday sun.

With kindest regards,

Yours faithfully,

J. B. SURGENOR.”

Roselea, Marlborough Road, Cathcart, 14/8/12.

## STATEMENT BY MR. WM. F. THOMSON.

This gentleman is a Glasgow trader, of commercial probity and personal character, and from his interesting communication I summarise the following:—

“Dear Mr. Coates:—I was in Kirkaldy that night I learned of the ‘Titanic’ disaster, confirming the vision which I have just related. On the Friday night following I was at a private circle held in Mr. Robertson’s house. Mr. Galloway and I were the only outside members, Mr. Robertson being the psychic, gave clairvoyant descriptions, partial trance and inspirational addresses. Of his honesty and reliability you do not require to be informed. This night we sat having the strange sensation of cold shivers passing through us all for nearly one hour. Mr. Robertson was controlled, and we realised it was by someone recently passed over, unable to describe his surroundings through Mr. Robertson, but the name finally given was ‘W. T. Stead.’

“The Friday night following, Mr. Stead again manifested and gave us a most forcible address: some details of the ‘Titanic’ disaster, but principally relating his knowledge—during his lifetime—as to the Spirit world, and the joy which he had now in his new surroundings. I did not know Mr. Stead in life, but I was much struck with this new control, and his vigorous and manly utterance. One could not fail to notice how different this personality was from Mr. Robertson. The address was of the

declamatory order, and the control of the medium the most positive I had ever seen.

“At one of the sittings held in Mr. Robertson’s house (July 19th), with Mrs. Wriedt, Mr. Stead came speaking to us through the trumpet. He gave his name, and addressed the sitters in a decided and positive manner. He spoke to Mrs. Wriedt about her intended journey to South Africa. He thanked Mr. Robertson for being able to enter into his aura and write and speak through him. Mr. Robertson said—‘Well, well, why shouldn’t you?’ There were luminous forms—but no distinct features.

“Personally, I have no doubt whatever, not because I have had any *direct* proof, other than hearing a voice giving the name of Mr. Stead, speaking as stated. I did not know him, but I had many convincing proofs from those who, I knew, had passed on a few years ago, who made themselves known to me. There will be no good purpose served in going into details, as these, however valuable to me, have no bearing on Mr. Stead’s Return.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM F. THOMSON.”

Orkie House,

Newlands, Glasgow.

Sept. 18th, 1912.

I do not propose to give further evidence as to Mr. Stead’s communications in Glasgow, but it is interesting to note how these experiences and the dates coincide with the attempt made by

Mr. Stead on the 21st, and the success following on April 26th in Glenbeg House, showing, with the experiences which followed, how determined Mr. Stead was, that through various channels and by different modes, the fact of Life in the Beyond should be made known.

STATEMENT BY COUNCILLOR WALTER APPLEYARD,  
J.P., Endfield Crescent, Sheffield.

Councillor Appleyard's testimony is none the less valuable because it is brief. He says:—

“Dear Mr. Coates.—Has Mr. Stead Returned? you ask. Undoubtedly he has—and has shown himself at my home by etherealisation, but only for a few seconds. The fact would not be evidence for the outside world, but I was satisfied as to his likeness. . . .

Yours faithfully,

WALTER APPLEYARD.”

Sheffield, Sept. 15/12.

#### A MESSAGE FROM SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

At a seance held at Glenbeg House, Rothesay, at 8 p.m. on August 9th, 1912, in the presence of Miss Lemon and Mr. Wiseman, Norwich, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Coates, and Messrs. Auld, Reid, Alexander, and the writer, the following occurred:—

The meeting was opened by praise and prayer, followed by an address, which need not be



reported here. Mrs. Coates was controlled at 8.45 by a stranger to us. Under that personality the psychic said :—

“ Dear friends, I wish you God’s speed in your earnest endeavours. I know you are searching for light, but like myself—while on earth—you will have many trials and tears before you reach the goal.

“ On earth, I had a trying life from childhood. I yearned for spiritual food. I had to struggle to gain knowledge. My friendships were few indeed, but they were tried and true. I had to go through earthly trials, and through faith worked hard to obtain spiritual insight. I have learned how so many earnest souls on earth are often misunderstood. The materially-minded do not understand them. It has ever been so. If Christ were with you to-day, he would be treated as one beside himself. We all crucified Christ through misapprehension of his life and mission, and men are crucifying him afresh to-day. He died that we might be spiritually unfolded by following his teaching. The way of sacrifice is the way of spiritual progress and life. The sweetest songs have been wrung from broken hearts. If you have faith in the infinite care and love of your Heavenly Father you will have power given you from the spirit world, which will enable you to go forward, upward, and onward in the paths of spiritual progress, you will be enabled to do good at all times. All are God’s children, but all do not know that. They have to learn through suffering to become the sons of God.

“Dear friends, think of it, could you but see the depths of misery on earth your hearts would bleed, and you would earnestly strive to remove some of it. Some are ever striving to rise and are ever cast down, and not till the light of heaven shines upon them do they know they have not struggled in vain. On earth they felt that there was none to help, none to love them, so great was their pitiless struggle. All this must be changed by the power of love manifested in the quickening of the spirit.

“Motive is everything with us, and where the motive is right, there is naught to fear. Dear friends, when I come to see the position which my sisters have on earth I grieve, but rejoice to know that at no distant date motherhood and sisterhood will be more respected and cherished, and men and women will be joined together with purity of motive. Then you will have a noble race. The happy children of loving parents will make the world rejoice.

“Excuse me, to-night, giving you this little message. I went through so much misery on earth, I speak freely when I say spiritual love and purity of heart are the need of the hour. Rest assured, those who take up this subject from a right motive will be led to pray, ‘Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me.’ They will be truly blessed, and a blessing to others.

“There has been a fall upon earth: a fall from the spirit into the senses and the unenlightened demands of the body. The spiritual lifts man

out of gross materialism into the life of the spirit. Once enlightened, the heart songs of joy will be sung. May 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' be your aspiration, theme and life.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS."

It was a matter of conjecture why this Intelligence, giving the above name, should address us. But there were two suggestions, viz. :—

1st. That she might be in sympathy with Mr. W. T. Stead, who refers to her in the message given on April 26th; and

2nd. There was a sweet female spirit voice heard above the cornet accompaniment and the singing of the sitters, on one evening when "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung. "Dr. Sharp" said it was the lady who wrote it.

Whether these explanations are correct or not, the message was given, the hymn was sung as described.

## A MESSAGE FROM JULIA.

One can never tell whether a communication actually comes from the Intelligence who claims to be Julia, Stead or other individual, and it is difficult to say how little or much emanates from the psychic. While this is true and a measure of our ignorance, there is no doubt about the communications being received in psychic states. It is interesting to note that this is the second message received from Julia. The first, which came before Mr. Stead etherealised and spoke in

Rothsay, was strikingly verified, and the one below subsequently. I not only accept it as genuine, but produce it verbatim.



Fig. 5. MISS JULIA A. AMES,  
Journalist and Originator of "Julia's Bureau."

Friday, August 9th, 1912, at nine p.m., Mrs. Coates, under control, said:—

"I am Julia. I wish to congratulate all here

on the good work in which you are so sincerely engaged. My old chief is here to-night and intends to be often with you in these meetings. He is most anxious to keep hold and get over the difficulties of communication. Mr. Stead has information to convey which will be valuable. While delighted with what has been accomplished since that day he will not be satisfied till much more is done.

“ His home work is going on satisfactorily. So many faithful, able and devoted to work in this great cause. Brains and hands ready to be used. Opposition is weakening. I wish to let you know we mean to get an army around us to work on earth, to work for the cause which Mr. Stead had at heart and which he did so much for on earth. Mr. Stead wants to infuse more enthusiasm into the friends here, so that you will put more heart into the work. More mediums are required, and in rightly constituted circles these can be developed. Our aim is to use all we can and develop more mediums for Mr. Stead. When I say Mr. Stead I mean more workers to carry out that which he and I have laboured to advance.

“ Addressing the writer—‘ I have to thank you for the work you are doing and we will help you. You know *now* it is our wish to place the information before the public at the earliest moment. Persevere, go ahead, make no delay ! Mr. Stead is a terror for work, and when a thing has to be done brooks no delay. He is drilling us now. Once I led him, he is now leading us all. In the spirit he is helping you with what

you have in hand. I was here only once, but I will try to come again and assist you to go forward in the right spirit. Mr. Stead will not be able to come to-night. I give you his message—*persevere*—good night, friends.'

Why Julia—or the controlling Intelligence—should call Mr. Stead "My chief," is not easily explained; the reference to "home work going on satisfactory," can only be understood by those who know. The hope expressed for the continued usefulness of Julia's Bureau is natural enough. The probability is that, as an effort, it will fail lacking the brain and visible presence of Mr. Stead, but the work inaugurated there will never fail, as we have already seen, Mr. Stead manifests not only through his old friends—but now all over the world.

## CHAPTER X.

### **Mr. W. T. Stead Reappears in Rothesay.**

It would be impossible from lack of space, as well as unnecessary, to relate all that took place in the seance held in Rothesay, on the evening of July 28th, 1912, but for convenience a few points may be noted. The psychics—a lady and gentleman, well-known in Glasgow, non-professional, receiving no fees, and declining publicity, were introduced to us by mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Wright, of Glasgow, on the afternoon of the day on which a very notable seance was held. For convenience, I will call the psychics “Mr. and Mrs. Curtis,” regretting the fact at the same time. However, I make up for this loss by giving the names of the witnesses who were present.

Shortly after “Mr. and Mrs. Curtis” were introduced to us, Mr. Wright and “Mr. Curtis” joined me in the drawing-room, where we hold our seances, to have a quiet talk. We had not been long seated when “Mr. Curtis” remarked on the power he felt in the room, and passed into a psychic state, in which he most accurately



described some departed friends. These need not be detailed here. The following, however, will be *apropos*. This was a description of an elderly man, with massive forehead, bright eyes, white hair, slightly bare on top, much fuller in hair and beard than myself, eyebrows darker and more bushy than mine. The spirit appeared with sheets of paper in hand, impressing the psychic that there was something he wanted me to write, and there was something I had written he wanted put right, testifying pleasure that I had been able to catch the spirit of his thoughts as well as I had.

Because of certain statements made to me by the "voice" from Mr. W. T. Stead and Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, at the sittings held on Wednesday, July 17th, I naturally assumed that the description given was that of Mr. Stead. I said, "I think I understand. Do you get anything more?" "Mr. Curtis" asked me, "do you know someone connected with, or who has been in prison? This spirit now appears in a suit of prison clothes, covered with broad arrows." I said I thought so, but I had never seen a prisoner in a suit marked with broad arrows, which I understand is worn by convicts.

The psychic said, "This person wishes to recall to your mind that he had been unjustly accused in a good cause and imprisoned many years ago. Do you recognise that?" Not wishing to commit myself, I said, "I think so." Indeed, I felt I did, but thought it better to wait till I received something more definite.



Mr. David Wright, addressing me, said, "Mr. Stead suffered in a good cause years ago. He was rather proud of that, and on the anniversary of his committal used to wear his prison suit."

I then said, "I believe it must be Mr. Stead, as he has been urging me to write about his return."

To the psychic, "Do you get that? I mean does the spirit wish to be recognised as Mr. Stead, who wishes me to make certain corrections in messages received?"

To this "Mr. Curtis" replied, "Yes, the Spirit is smiling."

This by itself would not amount to much, but combined with recent experiences, had a significance for me that was valuable. It was on Mr. Stead's first visit to Glasgow after his imprisonment and while on the same platform that I made his acquaintance, and subsequently wrote my impressions of his character.

Alas! such is greatness. The psychic neither knew Mr. Stead's appearance nor was he aware that he had been imprisoned. I could not say whether his prison suit was adorned with broad arrows. I took the vision as symbolising that he, William T. Stead, was still rejoicing that he had been "A prisoner for Christ's sake." He surely was. Mr. Stead never regretted writing "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," which shocked Victorian prudery into recognising the horrible conditions in social life to which it had too conveniently shut its eyes.

I remembered I had a copy of the first issue of *The International Psychic Gazette* in the house, con-

taining Mr. Stead's portrait, and bringing it to "Mr. Curtis," I asked him, "Does that resemble the spirit you saw?" He said, "Yes, but in prison clothes he appeared much younger, with hair and beard darker, in fact, tawnish."

Acting on the hint about the papers, I sent some to Miss Estelle Stead, who kindly pointed out my errors, and I had them amended.

With reference to the seance held on the evening following the interview recorded, I will refrain from giving details of what took place other than what is actually necessary to emphasise Mr. Stead's return, as that appears to be the burden of the many communications received from him. I must, however, note that there is a great similarity in the mediumship of these psychics and that of Mrs. Wreidt. In their presence, we have all the phenomena which characterised the Wriedt seances, except the direct voices. Instead of these we had the voices of the psychics modified by the controlling Intelligences to represent those of the departed. We had in their presence beautiful lights, and we realised purpose and directing Intelligence behind them.

The next point is, that although I have to preserve the anonymity of the psychic, I am able to counter that by giving the names of the witnesses and participators in this circle, viz.—Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. David Wright, Miss Abernethy, Mr. Reid, Mr. Alexander, Mrs. Coates, and the writer, all of whom, with the exception of Miss Abernethy, were members of

the Rothersey circle. Each of these persons is willing, if necessary, to testify on oath to what took place.

"Mr. Curtis" presided at the organ, and while playing, the lights were seen coming from his direction and approaching the sitters as desired, or for whom they were intended. "Mrs. Curtis" sat among those present between Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Coates was approached by beautiful lights, which danced before her, and the psychic left the organ, under the control of Mrs. Coates' eldest daughter. The room and Mrs. Coates' hands were filled with a strange but very delightful perfume. Mrs. Coates felt her hands filled with liquid of some sort, and had the same showered over her, but at the termination of the seance there was no signs of either on her dress or hands.

Numerous lights were seen and messages from departed persons—more or less appropriate—were delivered to their friends present. The mediumistic gifts of "Mr. and Mrs. Curtis" were enhanced by the clearness with which each control was able to establish its identity.

After a manifestation of a little daughter of "Mr. and Mrs. Curtis," who had passed some two years ago, we had a lull in the proceedings, and then came the

#### SUDDEN ETHEREALISATION OF MR. STEAD.

In front of us, in the direction of the cabinet (the same cabinet which I had had made and

which was used in the Wriedt seances) there appeared a cloudy light about the size of a man's hand. It was different from the bright lights previously witnessed, none of which were so large. This cloudy light, arresting the attention of those immediately in front of it, moved as in etherealizations which we had witnessed lately. Mrs. Coates, who was sitting next to me, whispered that she saw Mr. Stead in front of the cabinet. I saw nothing. Knowing that she had clairvoyant vision, I waited to see the verification in something objective. The small luminosity advanced to us, and becoming more defined we presently saw the well-known face of W. T. Stead. Upon recognition by Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Coates, some others and myself there was a temporary fading for a second or two, then the face came larger and clearer than before, when we saw the illuminated simulacrum of Mr. W. T. Stead sufficiently long for undoubted recognition.

Mrs. Coates said—"Oh, Mr. Stead, it is you; and I am glad you have come again. I see you most distinctly." The head bowed, or rather the face moved forward and down. Mrs. Coates said—"You are bowing because we recognise you?" and the bowing was repeated several times as the face went round the circle. Mrs. Coates declared she saw the whole figure. Mr. Stead was in ordinary attire, but the figure remained invisible to us, only the face being illuminated. When the etherealization passed, a voice from the cabinet addressed us.

“My dear Coates, I am glad to be able once more to show myself to you and the dear friends here. God bless you all, and may you be encouraged to go on in the good work in which you are engaged. God bless you, my dear Mrs. Coates, for your help, and may these dear friends never forget the valuable evidence of spirit return which they have obtained here. There is no work more important; continue to pursue it, despite all abuse and calumny, and your reward will be great in the comfort and joy of others. In spite of death-dealing disasters and the apparent end of all things, life is unconquerable. Let everyone know there is no death. I, W. T. Stead, am not dead. I am alive, alive for evermore, and rejoice, with joy unspeakable, to make the fact known to you and through you to others. Let this be the burden of your message to the world—dying for lack of knowledge. There is no death. Death is the nightmare of the ages, which must be shaken off before true spiritual progress on earth is possible. Continue in the good work, and let no one hinder you. God bless you all, dear friends. God bless you, dear Coates; give these facts to the world, from William Thomas Stead.”

It was not so much what was said, as the way in which it was addressed to some of those present, who had been at the Wriedt seances, but who had not been present when Mr. Stead had etherealised and spoken before, which made this visit and etherealisation so convincing. It is possible Mr. Stead was able to appear before

us and speak, not only because of the excellent mediumship, but from the fact that the room and cabinet had been used by Mr. Stead when Mrs. Wriedt was here.

I can also imagine that Mr. Stead, when able, will use every opportunity, here and elsewhere, to emphasise his theme, "How I know the Dead Return." I suspect also he wished to give a message which would reach a wider circle than the few present whom he on this occasion encouraged and urged to be steadfast, despite calumny and abuse.

There were more lights and messages to those present, when I was addressed by someone called "Director" in a very deep voice, urging me to carry out Mr. Stead's wishes, furnishing thoughtful men and women with evidence of individual survival beyond the tomb, and of the return of those whom they esteemed dead. This I have attempted to do in this symposium and testify without hesitation to the *bona fides* of all the witnesses, writers, and undoubtedly to what I have witnessed. Again I say, if Mr. Stead has not returned and spoken, we are then face to face with a greater mystery still.

STATEMENT OF MR. PETER REID,  
Artist and Designer, Ardbeg, Rothesay, Bute.

"I was present at a seance held in Glenbeg House on April 26th, when Mrs. Coates was controlled by an Intelligence claiming to be Mr. Stead. Councillor John Duncan, Mrs.

Duncan, of Edinburgh, and several other ladies and gentlemen were present. That message, which I read, was correctly reported, and subsequently given to the press.

"I was also present at five seances at which Mrs. Wriedt, the trumpet-medium, was the psychic. I witnessed several etherealizations on July 13th, one being that of Mr. W. T. Stead. I did not see him clearly from where I was sitting. From what took place I knew his face was recognised.

"On the evening of July 17th, Mr. Stead etherealised twice. The first time in cloudy form—not very clear. The second time, sufficiently defined to be recognised. When Mrs. Coates and others spoke, the head bowed in acknowledgment. Later I heard him addressing Professor and Mrs. Coates in an earnest and sympathetic voice. There was something optimistic and catching in the tone of that clear voice, and his parting blessing must be remembered by all. There were 14 persons present, including Mrs. Wriedt and myself.

"Again, on Sunday evening, July 28th, I was present at a seance in Glenbeg House, when the psychics were a lady and gentleman in private life. Being non-professional I am not at liberty to give their names. In addition to various lights, there was an etherealisation of Mr. Stead. Shortly afterwards Mr. Stead spoke—through "Mr. Curtis." What astonished me most was the strong resemblance between the psychic's voice and the one heard ten days before—Mrs. Wriedt



seance. The similarity in tone, expression and emphasis, in addressing Professor and Mrs. Coates and the other sitters, was certainly very remarkable.

“I have since learned that the private psychics neither knew nor heard Mr. Stead speak in life and they were not at Mrs. Wriedt’s seances.

PETER REID.”

Rothsay, 10/8/12.

This gentleman’s statements I know to be correct, and they are enhanced from the simple fact that at these seances he had convincing evidence from his own friends in the invisible. He is an artist and designer by profession, and is noted for work demanding excellent powers of observation.

STATEMENT BY MR. DAVID WRIGHT,

103, Woodville Gardens,

Langside, Glasgow.

“Dear Mr. Coates,—With reference to ‘Has W. T. Stead Returned?’ I have read over Mr. Reid’s statement regarding the seances of July 13th and 28th, and can fully corroborate what he says. My testimony would be redundant in view of the complete and true account given by Mr. Reid.

Yours sincerely,

20/8/12.

DAVID WRIGHT.”



MR. W. T. STEAD REAPPEARS IN ROTHESAY 161

TESTIMONY OF MR. AND MRS. STEVENSON,

Orcadia, 6, Herries Road,

Maxwell Park, Glasgow.

“Dear Mr. Wright,—We have gone over report of seance held at Mr. Coates’ house, but cannot add anything beyond the notes referring to ourselves from our little ones.

“We feel that we would like to congratulate Mr. Coates on his excellent memory, having so faithfully recorded the sitting without notes. We have nothing to add; save we distinctly saw Mr. Stead’s etherealisation, and heard the medium under his control addressing us . . .

Yours sincerely,

ELIZ. Y. STEVENSON.”

August 15th, 1912.

In addition to the statements made by myself in the extracts from a private sitting, further testimony is hardly necessary.

MR. STEAD MANIFESTS TO HIS FRIENDS.

There is no doubt about Miss Stead receiving messages; but what about other relatives? There can be little doubt that wherever there was the open door and the receptive mind, Mr. Stead would enter and communicate with his own. It must be remembered that even for a ’phone message there must be a transmitter, a mode or means—medium—of transmission, and a receiver. These three are necessary. If there be no one to

attend to the preliminary "ring up," and no attention paid at this end, no message can be delivered. While granting the difficulties in the way, and the imperfection of media, I make bold to say Mr. Stead has endeavoured to communicate with his own, and, in every case where there has been the receptive mind, succeeded, finding, too, the ways and means to bring the same about.

A gentleman and his niece were staying for a holiday at the Kyles of Bute Hydro. While there they met Mr. John Duncan, of Edinburgh, and they learned for the first time of the Stead messages, and also of Miss Stead's notable article, "W. T. Stead and Spiritualism," in *Nash's Magazine*. This gentleman was none other than Mr. "Thomson" (that, however, is not the name), Mr. Stead's old friend. Interested, Mr. "Thomson" and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan paid us a visit. During a pleasant conversation, this gentleman extolled Mr. Stead as a man of sterling worth and upright character; but thought that in his honest, good-natured trust in his fellow-men, Mr. Stead had, in connection with Spiritualism, been imposed upon. For himself, he neither believed nor disbelieved. He had no time for it and gave it little thought. While with us, Mr. Duncan gave this relative an outline of Mr. Stead's etherealizations and direct-voice manifestations in Glenbeg House, to all of which he listened with good-natured incredulity.

After tea an impromptu sitting was arranged, consisting of Mr. Stead's old friend, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Coates and the writer. In the

course of conversation reference had been made to Mr. Stead's testing of Mrs. Coates' psychometry. Mr. Stead's relative suddenly produced a letter from his pocket, and folding it addressed side in, handed it to Mrs. Coates, with the remark, "Well, try that."

I need not detail what was said. It was a most correct reading of the character and disposition of the writer towards Mr. "Thomson," but the curious thing was that the reading was overshadowed by the presence of a lady, so much so that Mrs. Coates could not shake it off, and thought the lady had something to do with the letter.

I asked Mr. Stead's friend, "Is the writer of the letter a lady?" "No," was the prompt reply. I was then suddenly impressed to say, "That letter was written by your son, and the lady impressing Mrs. Coates is your wife." That was the correct solution.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Coates was controlled by the visitor's wife, who made herself known to him. She spoke of her life with him, her passing away, their unity, and what he had suffered. She also spoke in the most sympathetic way of her relation, Mr. Stead, and of her great loss, the control concluding with kind, encouraging words to her husband and sending a message to her son. There was nothing to gainsay. It was all new and strange to Mr. "Thomson," and the more so as *all the statements were accurate*.

While they were all chatting, Mr. Stead seized

me and addressed his old friend with, "My dear Tom, I am glad you have come." I do not know exactly what took place; but at the conclusion, I am told, this gentleman stretched out his hand and, grasping mine, said, "Good-bye, William."

It is hardly possible a man of Mr. "Thomson's" fibre and individuality could be readily convinced with one experience of this kind. He, however, readily conceded that what had taken place had modified his views. He also granted permission for the particulars to be sent to London.

Miss Stead, in her letter dated October 8th, said:—

"Dear Mr. Coates,—I send you herewith preface for symposium. . . . I am very interested in what you say about my relative's visit, and am so glad my father was able to speak to him. With kind regards to Mrs. Coates and yourself,

ESTELLE W. STEAD."

Can anyone looking into the foregoing, imagine that the mere coincidental accounts for what has taken place. Mr. Stead's old friend visits Bute, and that without knowledge of a conscious interest in Spiritualism, meeting Mr. John Duncan, who was present when the notable message from Mr. Stead was received, and thus bringing about the introduction to Mr. Stead's old friend of the history of the manifestations in Cambridge House and in Glenbeg House. Not only so, but to his first experience of Spiritualism. Mr. Duncan wrote and informed me that Mr.

"Thomson" was very much struck with what had taken place, and had promised to make fuller inquiries into the subject. Further, in reply to my request if he could help me to state more fully to Miss Stead what had taken place, Mr. Duncan, in his letter dated November 1st, 1912, said, "I cannot remember what passed between Stead and his friend in your house. It had reference to their past meetings and relationships, but I cannot recall the details."

A somewhat similar instance is given in *Reason*, the Rev. B. F. Austin's monthly, and it is so interesting that I give it slightly summarised. In that paper the writer, Mr. Mark A. Barwise, president of the Maine State Spiritual Association, deals trenchantly with various communications having no evidential value, and gives what he believes to be

#### A REAL STEAD COMMUNICATION.

In a private sitting, held September 7th, 1912, at Camp Etna, Maine, the communication was received through the instrumentality of Mrs. Florence Edgerley, the wife of a distinguished lecturer in St. Louis. Mr. Barwise says:—

"William Penn Hussy, a lumber merchant, of Indianapolis, was visiting his old home at Newburg, Me. Mr. Hussy's daughter married W. T. Stead's third son, Alfred [editor of *The Review of Reviews*.—J.C.]. Neither Mr. Hussy nor Mrs. Edgerley had ever seen or heard of the other before arranging for the sitting. At

this sitting the medium, who was in a semi-trance state, recalled the dinner which Mr. Hussy had with Mr. Stead at the Savoy, two years ago, on the occasion of his last visit to London; spoke of the omnibus ride which they took about the city, and repeated the principal points of their conversation while on that ride, which centred about the possibility of communicating with the next world and the mediumship of psychics.

“Mr. Stead had laboured all one afternoon with Mr. Hussy in an endeavour to convince him of the truth of Spiritualism by laying before him personal experiences extending over many years of the closest attention to the subject. On many of these incidents Mrs. Edgerley entered with such particularity and exactitude as to astonish Mr. Hussy. The psychic entered on many other matters of a personal and intimate nature entirely beyond the range of her normal waking knowledge.

“As to the truthfulness of this account, I took every precaution in its verification. I sought Mr. Hussy, and found each detail tallied with what I was told. Mr. Hussy was emphatic in stating that he was not a Spiritualist. On the question of a life beyond he was an Agnostic; but, he added, this experience had given him very much to think about, and seemed something of a poser.”

I do not propose to add anything to the above lucid account. It is on similar lines to the attempt by Mr. Stead to reach his old friend in

Rothesay. Here we find Mr. Hussy, of Indianapolis, visiting his old home in Newburg, Me., with no thought of, much less attachment to, Spiritualism. Here obtains a thought-arresting message through a reputable psychic. In both cases, two elderly men, relatives by marriage, are brought face to face with the genuine in Spiritualism, and that by one who knew them both as only Mr. Stead could, dealing with facts outside the knowledge of either the psychics or the sitters.

These happenings at Rothesay and at Camp Etna appear to be more than accidents. They do suggest pre-arrangement in the unseen; an effort of the indefatigable departed to reach his own, and to follow up the advice and arguments given when he, Mr. Stead, was in the body. Have we not here evidence of the one mind operating through different media, in different countries, and unknown to one another, to bring home to his own relatives the reality of Spiritualism? I think so. There may be other explanations. I know of none. With this I conclude the presentation of a few of the evidences for the Return of W. T. Stead.



## In Memoriam.

—:o:—

STEAD HAS RETURNED ! Is with us now to-day !

The living force of his Immortal Soul  
Hath reached earth from the Mansions of the Blest  
To pioneer, to heal and to console.  
Banners of Love, Light, Truth he hath unfurl'd ;  
In armour bright is ready for the fray.  
Stead hath returned unto this selfish world,  
Bearer of truths that earth cannot gainsay.

Christ's wondrous love, is manifest in Stead ;  
Sacrificial love ! "The old, old Story !"  
His message is to earth, "There is no dead.  
Loved and lost, are living now in Glory."  
His home is with the Spirits of the Blest ;  
Singing the Hallelujahs of the Spheres.  
His energetic soul returns to earth,  
"Bridging the grave," dispelling Sorrow's fears.

Women abandoned ! he brought unto God,  
Yearning to rise from the path they had trod ;  
Helped them to carry their wearisome load,  
Soldier of Mercy ! Stead hath his reward.  
Stead will live and work throughout the ages  
As Prophet, Leader, Spirit-Guide and Friend.  
The Book of Life, hath upon its pages—  
"William T. Stead, the opprest did befriend."

JESSIE COATES.

Glenbeg House,  
Rothsay.



## CHAPTER XI.

### Do Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before?

In dealing with the above question a concrete case always helps. We find this in the life of Mr. Stead, and in some statements already recorded. It is generally agreed that coming events do cast their shadows before. It is also admitted we do not always see the shadows—premonitions, whatever they may be. Did Mr. Stead have a premonition of his “Last Post” journey? I should say he had many warnings and had listened to many curious statements, but I do not think he had a single *definite* warning as to the “Titanic” disaster.

The foregoing remarks arise out of reflections on Julia’s Bureau, and perplexing statements purporting to come from Mr. Stead, subsequently to his transition. I take two: In Chicago, on the 28th April, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, speaking in the personality of Mr. Stead, says:—

“I don’t think I had any ‘premonition’

before leaving England, nor did my hand write, nor did anyone say, 'don't go on that ship.'"

Compare this clear and definite statement with that of "The Voice" heard in Cambridge House, on the 18th June. Mr. Stead is reported by Mr. Kerlor as saying:—

"My dear Mr. de Kerlor, forgive me for not having taken heed of the predictions and warnings you gave me about death, disaster and drowning, which have come absolutely true." This is explicit. The two statements seem irreconcilable. Can the Intelligence giving the first in Chicago on the 28th April, be the same who spoke in Wimbledon on June 18th? What is the explanation?

To return, "Had Mr. Stead either warnings or premonitions?" He certainly had—many. But he had either forgotten them or, like the man he was, *worked while it was day*, equally unconcerned whether he dropped off at his work or was "called home" during his sleep.

Before I deal with either of the statements of the voice as recorded by Mr. de Kerlor, or those of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, I will glance over some others. As to predictions it is well to recall in passing, that as far back as 1892, in the *Review of Reviews*, advocating his belief that the dead return, Mr. Stead to illustrate his conceptions, pictured the sinking of a White Star Liner, saying, "Let us consider the Atlantic Ocean as a grave," and proceeded to give his views. This article had a prophetic suggestfulness of what might happen and what *did* happen.

But going further back still, there appeared, before the days of the *Review of Reviews*, in the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a powerful article from the pen of Mr. Stead upon the sinking of a modern liner, with all its horrors, in the form of a narrative by a survivor. He went on to show how the majority of the passengers were doomed beforehand, all of which was so strikingly corroborated in the world-paralysing disaster of the "Titanic." To this article, Mr. Stead appended an editorial note, as follows:—

"This is exactly what might take place, and what will take place, if liners are sent to sea short of boats."

Compare this with what did take place, and Lord Mersey's summing up concerning the "Titanic" disaster, twenty-six years afterwards.

Another phase was the premonition which Mr. Stead occasionally mentioned after the "Mafeking" treatment which he received from "low fellows of the baser sort," which was—"I had a vision of a mob, and this had made me feel that I shall not die in a way common to the most of us, but by violence, and one of many in a throng."

This was fulfilled, in reality, not by being kicked to death by a beer-soaked London crowd, but under the star-light of heaven, amid a struggling crowd of poor men, women and children, so suddenly plunged in the icy waters of the Atlantic. Here again was the fulfilment of a premonition. He certainly did not die in a common way. He died, as he had frequently

asserted, with his boots on. He was one of a throng of struggling beings, some of whom fought and did appalling deeds in their desperation to live.

Mr. James Douglas, writing in a fine spirit, in the *Star*, said, "Who can take Stead's place as a prophet? Alas! we are fallen on evil times when any kind of fiery faith is almost an indiscretion, and when tepid moderation is an almost universal virtue. We ought to pray for a few more fanatics like Stead." This fanatic, Stead, certainly believed in premonitions, and no man in modern times was gifted with a finer prophetic insight or greater power of forcible adjectival English, to give lucid and emphatic expression to his thoughts, impelled thereto by his visions.

As to his age, and period of his death, it is curious the first indication came through a palmistry test—not of his own seeking—carried out in connection with *Pearson's Magazine* (Jan., 1892). All the delineations were given by "Teresina," a pupil of Cheiro, without being aware of the character and person of the originals. Of the nine palms selected, one belonged to Mr. Stead, seven to other prominent persons, and one to a notorious criminal. I am not concerned about the other readings—which were remarkable as a whole—but quote partly what Mr. Stead said:—"I beg to return you the palmist's delineation. . . . In relation to dates, she says I am going to die when I am 63. That is a matter upon which I can say nothing. Madame Blavatsky used to say I would live until past

seventy-five. I think one prophecy is about as good as the other.

“Signs of breaking down at forty-five may be regarded as tolerably close, for this year, for the first time in my life, I have had to absent myself from regular attendance at the office. . . . My impression is that your palmist is rather out in the dates. The only other date she mentions is about my having achieved success before thirty. If I have achieved any success that may be called brilliant, it was when I was from 33 to 36. Thirty-six was the year I went to jail, which, as you know, I regard as the crowning glory of my life up to that point.”

In the foregoing we have a touch of self-revelation, but the point I wish to note is the age given is 63.

Count Hamon (better known as Cheiro) was invited in 1893, by Mr. W. T. Stead, to visit him at his offices, in Mowbray House. This scientific reader of signs, in his charming work\* says:—“That he never cares to interpret the lives of those he knows intimately, and that he often disappointed his friends by refusing even to look at their hands. Mr. Stead was one of these.” Cheiro adds:—

“I explained my difficulty to him, which he thought logical and reasonable, and so I contented myself with taking an impression of his remarkable hand for my collection and explaining to him the meaning of the different lines as shown

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\* Pp. 88, 89, 90, “Cheiro’s Memoirs: the Reminiscences of a Society Palmist.” London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd.

in his hand. . . . Years later, we met in Paris. . . . Mr. Stead had returned from his visit to the Czar over his great Peace movement. . . . Mr. Stead made me tell him some things about the character of people whose numbers, according to my system, were 'keys' to their character, and chief events of their life. When I had finished he told me that the numbers he had given me were those of his own sons, and as far as he could judge, the picture I had made was exact to even the smallest details of character; and some ten years later I had the satisfaction of hearing from him that even the events which I had indicated in Paris had also been fulfilled."

It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Stead—like numerous other shrewd personalities—had great confidence in Cheiro's ability, and should approach him again. In an interesting lecture on "Experiences in Psychic Phenomena," delivered in May, before the London Spiritualist Alliance, Cheiro, referring to his twenty years of friendship with Mr. Stead, and alluding to Mr. Stead's belief that he would meet his death at the hands of a mob—probably as the result of some action of his own which would provoke popular resentment, as in the South African war, Cheiro disagreed. He was assured that any danger to Mr. Stead's life, "would be from water, and from nothing else." In a letter dated June 21st, 1911, Cheiro says, "I wrote him that the most critical months would be July, October, December and April. That he was born in what

is called the Head House of Water, and travel would be 'dangerous to him in the month of April, 1912.' " In confirmation of this the lecturer read to the audience some correspondence which had passed between Mr. Stead and himself, during 1911.

Do coming events cast their shadows before? I believe they do. The period of Mr. Stead's death and the manner of it, as indicated by his own impressions, "Teresina's" date period, age 63, giving the year 1912, Cheiro's deduction, viz., that the danger to Mr. Stead's life would be from water and that the month of April, 1912, would be specially dangerous, coupled with its tragic fulfilment, gives one "furiously to think." But there is more of it.

Miss May de Witt Hopkins, an American lady, an accomplished linguist, and a gifted psychic, wrote to *Light*, June 18th, a premonition of the Fate of Mr. Stead, which she had in October, 1911. She says:—"I had just seen Mr. Stead in Paris (on his way to Constantinople, as Peace delegate), and was writing on the subject to Miss Scatcherd, a mutual friend, when I heard clairaudiently, as I sometimes do, a solemn voice saying: 'The time is soon coming when he will be called home.' 'What!' I exclaimed mentally, 'in Turkey?' 'No,' came the answer, 'not till after his return to England. In the first of the next half year—in six months.' There was an interval, and then I again heard the voice say, 'His time has come; his career is ended.' Somewhat startled, I mentioned part of what I



had heard in my letter to Miss Scatcherd, softening it by saying—‘of course it is only my imagination.’

“On his return journey, Mr. Stead again passed through Paris. As he bade me good-bye, I knew I should never see him again—in fact, I *felt* a fate hanging over him though I did not know how it would come. This will explain to certain mutual friends in London the unusual inquiries that I made about Mr. Stead’s health, and whether he was being careful of it.

“Mr. Stead wrote me in April that he was sailing for New York, but did not mention what ship. The day after the ‘Titanic’ disaster, I was haunted by an unaccountable perfume of roses, and, remembering that my late mother had been warned of a death by a persistent, uncanny odour, I exclaimed—‘There is someone I know who is dead and trying to make me aware of it.’ As soon as I saw in the papers that Mr. Stead was on the ‘Titanic’ I knew that he was dead and would not be among the survivors.

“Mr. Stead had great faith in my psychic powers, but personally I am rather sceptical about them. Not that I do not believe in spirit communication, but I think many manifestations can be attributed to either magnetism, mind-reading, or the sub-conscious self. Therefore I do not know whether the mental vision I had of Mr. Stead after the disaster was merely imagination or something more. I saw him very pale, dressed in black, hatless and dripping wet. . . . I felt his presence some days later, but this time



strong, joyous and full of sunshine. As I have said, I am wary of my imagination ; nevertheless I have had some extraordinary experiences, which prove at least the wonderful power of one's own spirit."

This lady has had extraordinary experiences, and her marvellous forecasting to Mr. Stead what would take place at Constantinople was one of them, but that need not be dealt with here. Nothing save honest conviction of the facts related could cause her to encounter publicity. Miss Hopkins is not a professional psychic—although that is no disgrace—but there cannot be the slightest suspicion of monetary motives or self-advertisement in her convincing statements. In these, three or four things stand prominent:—

- (a) Mr. Stead, because he had tested her gifts, and knowing her probity, had great confidence in her powers.
- (b) Miss Scatcherd was informed of this clairaudient forewarning (in October, 1911) at the time of its receipt.
- (c) Mr. Stead's death took place in the first half of next year, viz., in April, 1912.
- (d) Surely there was some connecting link between the psychic awareness of Miss Hopkins in October and its fulfilment, both by vision and, alas, by fact, in April, 1912.

Mr. W. de Kerlor, in a lecture delivered at "The International Psychic Club," London, 26th June, detailed interviews which he had with Mr. W. T. Stead.

Without following the lecturer in his details, they amount to this: sudden disappointment on seeing Mr. Stead's hands, realising he had before him a man of positive convictions, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-dependence and strong convictions of bringing all his material plans to a successful issue, while he (Mr. de Kerlor) psychically felt that no such thing would happen. He told Mr. Stead, referring to the Fate line, "This is a line which means that your life will end tragically, it will end in public: you will either be trampled upon, or kicked to death, in a most unexpected manner."

Mr. Stead always expected a somewhat dramatic ending to his life, but concluded Mr. de Kerlor could not tell him anything about his hands. The psychic, seeing nothing but a black wall, and cross-currents reversing all Mr. Stead's sanguine convictions, was impelled to say, "I am sorry I cannot see better things for you."

This interview took place September 16th, 1911, and was the first time Mr. de Kerlor had seen Mr. Stead. Mr. Stead was then 62.

Three days later, they had a sitting for clairvoyance. In this interview, instead of giving Mr. Stead anything encouraging, Mr. de Kerlor informed him. "I see a triangular light above your head, which looks very like the knife of the guillotine!" Mr. Stead laughed and said, "It is funny; Dr Baraduc in Paris also saw, not a triangle, but light assuming the shape of an oval."

Mr. de Kerlor, says he did not like to tell all he saw and felt about this light, but said: "From

this symbol you must make haste with your plans, you must not lose any time." I omit all other matter with reference to Mr. Stead's proposed journey to Russia. The psychic powers insisted that Mr. Stead *would go to America*, which idea he did not accept.

The interview was prolonged, and in reply to Mr. Stead's statement, "I want to go to Russia; I want to know about that," the lecturer said, "I can see nothing but the picture of a huge black ship, of which I see the back portion; where the name of the ship should be written there is a wreath of immortelles." . . . "I can only see half of the ship: that symbol may mean by the time this ship will be completed—when one will be able to see it in its whole length, it is perhaps then that you will go on your journey."

Subsequently to this and nearer the period of the "Titanic" disaster, Mr. de Kerlor had two dreams. I extract from one the following:—

"I dreamt I was in the midst of a catastrophe on the water; there were masses of bodies struggling in the water, and I was among them. I could hear their cries for help, and when the voices ceased I could see some spirit forms climbing upwards, while others seemed to go downwards, and my soul was in the midst of them."

He saw next day in the papers that a boat had been lost on the Nile, and 200 people had been drowned. He could not connect this accident with what he had seen the night before, because in that dream he saw more than a *thousand bodies* in the water."

Mr. de Kerlor says he told Mr. Stead of this dream, and that the last time when approached—over the 'phone—by Mr. Stead, he had the same tale to tell, and the black ship meant limitations, difficulties and death. Mr. Stead replied:—"Oh, yes; well, well, you are a very gloomy prophet, good-bye," and rang off. I give the facts, and add that as I have carefully gone over the shorthand report of interviews in September, Mr. de Kerlor *did* not prophesy death at 63 or death by drowning, although it is probable he thought so, having the foregoing in his mind, when at the Wriedt seance.

Personally, I should never think of consulting even a reputable or any student of the occult as to the future, or about what was going to happen, although I know such forecasts are possible. So far "sufficient for the day," has been good enough for me. Yet one cannot go into the examination of these statements in relation to one striking personality without being convinced that coming events *do* cast their shadows before, although they are often no more than "shadows."

At the termination of an auto-script received by Miss Scatcherd, March 11th, 1912, before the "Titanic" disaster, and therefore a month before Mr. Stead sailed, occurred the following:—

"To both:—Put your work, your mission first. The day is far spent. The time before you in which to do our bidding is but brief. God be with us all. Amen."

Not at the time, but subsequently to the disaster, the purport of the foregoing became

significant. This too might have something to do with the vague awareness Mr. Stead had that something was waiting him in the near future, and that he was awaiting marching orders, as expressed in his last letter to Dr. Clifford, dealt with later on.

To Miss Harper, Mr. Stead wrote on Easter Sunday, 1912. "*I feel as though something was going to happen, somewhere or somehow, and that it will be for good.*"

Mr. R. Penny, of Bristol, who for many years knew Mr. W. T. Stead personally, seemed so distressed about certain mishaps which he *felt* so convinced were likely to take place, that he wrote expressed Mr. Stead about them and received the following:—

"Dear Penny,—Thank you very much for your kind letter, which reaches me just as I am starting for America. I sincerely hope that none of the misfortunes which you seem to think, may happen to myself or wife, and will write to you when I come back.

I am, Yours truly,

W. T. STEAD."

Closely related to that sad event, which prevented Mr. Stead either coming back or writing, as he intended, is the statement of Madam Isabelle de Steiger, of West Southbourne, Bournemouth, England, in her letter to *Light*, June 17th, 1912, in which she quotes from a letter of the late Mr. Vincent N. Turvey—a gentleman

in private life, and a most gifted clairvoyant—his distress about the loss of a liner which would take place in two days.

“The letter I received,” says Madam de Steiger, “on Monday, 15th April, speaks for itself.”

“Perhaps you are wondering if you conversed with a wholesale murderer on Saturday. I gave you a very broad hint of to-day’s truly awful disaster to the ‘Titanic,’ I told you that ‘I’ caused what ‘I’ foresaw—or ‘felt’ as if I did, when I said, ‘If’ I tell you that in two days a great liner will be lost. . . . ‘I’ knew of it on Wednesday last, and told a man of it on Thursday: so on Saturday I only repeated my knowing to you.”

I will not give the seer’s speculations between Turvey, himself, and the “I am,” who saw. He goes on to say: “My *heart* bleeds for the mourners, *my* whole soul weeps at the loss of life, but “I” think no more of it than you think about the destruction of a *dream* ship, with *dream* lives aboard her. . . . Yours truly,

VINCENT N. TURVEY.”

Madam de Steiger vouches for this Saturday’s conversation and was appalled to find the fulfilment so tragically realised before she got Mr. Turvey’s letter. The final testimony as to the shadows forecasting that which is to come we have in Mr. Stead’s last letter to Dr. Clifford. At the Memorial service, held in Westminster Chapel, on Thursday evening, April 20th, during

a eulogy—characterised by depth of feeling and great eloquence—the fervent preacher read one of the last letters written by Mr. Stead, on board the “Titanic,” in which he said:—

“I am going to America to deliver one speech, but I feel as if . . . something is waiting for me, some important work will be disclosed to me. What it is I know not. I await my marching orders, being sure that He who has called me will make known His good will and pleasure in due season.”

“People remembered him, perhaps, most as a journalist, but to me,” said Dr. Clifford, “he was a prophet straight out of the Old Testament. For him the Press was a sword to cut down the foes of righteousness.”

Yes, Mr. Stead felt *something waiting* for him. He had arrived at a period in his career when he had no plans, apparent lack of success somewhat daunted him\* and he was waiting the something to unfold and get his marching orders. They came in with sudden swiftness—in due season, he and those with him were called to live and work on another plane of being. That is a different thing from asserting Mr. Stead’s “marching orders” were destined, and in order to carry them out 1,600 odd precious lives and a noble vessel had to be doomed in consequence. There was certainly a tragic fulfilment of all these various prognostications, but how can these be reconciled with the statement made in Mrs. Richmond’s address (April 28th, in

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\* See Lady Archibald Campbell’s Auto-Script—page 28.



Chicago)—“ I don't think I had any ‘ premonition ’ before leaving England, nor did my hand write, nor did any one say to me ‘ Don't go on that ship.’ ”

This statement seems at first sight to be wholly irreconcilable with the purported interviews with Mr. de Kerlor, and the “ voice,” which was heard at the seance, in Cambridge House, Wimbledon, on June 18th.

Here indeed is something to make the Sadducees smile. I do not. The simple reason to my mind is that the statement given by Mrs. Richmond, under control, is the more correct of the two. It is as nearly absolutely correct as possible, and this, notwithstanding it was made within fourteen days from Mr. Stead's passing over. He would not, in all probability, have any recollection (provided they were correctly reported) of these interviews taking place in September, 1911. A lot of water would have run under the bridge of his strenuous life since then, and Mr. Stead, with his optimistic and enthusiastic determination, would have more to think about than these visionary *indefinite* statements about being kicked to death in a public park or about Mr. de Kerlor's dreams and other gloomy things. Even with the premonitory awareness of something, he knew not what, mentioned in his letter to Dr. Clifford, all things belonging to his terrene memory might have escaped his attention, in this *early period* of controlling a psychic.

“ I don't think I had any premonition before leaving England.” There is no actual denial



here. It amounts to "I do not remember having a premonition just before starting on this journey." This was almost certain to be the case, so intent was Mr. Stead's desire to proclaim the truth which enriched his experience in life. "Nor did my hand write." This was a simple statement of fact. "Nor did anyone say to me 'Don't go in that ship.'" This is absolutely correct. In fact the whole reference is correct. Mr. Stead had no defined premonition himself, his hand did not write, and no one told him not to go in that ship.

What then are we to do with the "voice" statements in the Cambridge House seance, June 18th, nearly two months afterwards? How can these be correct? Could the same intelligence inspire these contradictory statements? Yes! certainly.

Why should this be the case? Under the new circumstances, with a different medium, in his own house, in London, and in Mr. de Kerlor's presence, *some elements* of terrene memory in connection with those psychic experiences would be recalled, and Mr. Stead would have connected them, with the actual experience of sudden and tragic exit from this life. Still it would be true that he had not, prior to embarkation, a premonition in himself, his hand did not write, and nobody, *not even Mr. de Kerlor, told him not to go in that ship.*

The import of the statement by the "voice," was correct, but the details corresponding to Mr. de Kerlor's various impressions or recollections

were not. It is clear, however, that Mr. Stead now connected these prognostications (subsequently to the Chicago address) with the "Titanic" disaster, but not before.

With this, then, I complete this study, namely, that in the presence of Mr. de Kerlor, and in London, he remembered some things of what the seer had said, and realised that these things had a relation to his demise, although they were neither remembered nor spoken of in Chicago.\*

If, as we have reason to believe, Mr. Stead was hurt, injured before death, if not partly the cause of it, his memory, according to well-known psychic facts, would take some time to gradually return, and even then, it would depend on the medium and the conditions whether these could be given expression to. In this particular séance the "voice" would, according to the law of following the line of the least resistance, make use of the conceptions uppermost in Mr. de Kerlor's mind, although verbally not in exact accord with

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\* Since writing this chapter, I have learned that Miss Stead who was present when her father interviewed Mr. de Kerlor, says:

"In April my father passed over. *I do not think he had any conscious premonition*, but, subconsciously he perhaps had. He put his papers in perfect order before he left. He said to me, 'I have a feeling I have a great work to do. . . . I am only supposed to make one speech in America. . . . What exact work the Senior Partner has for me to do in the States I do not know, but I am certain when I get to New York, I shall get my marching orders.'" — *International Psychic Gazette*, November, 1912.

Miss Stead's statement, based on personal knowledge, is supported by Mr. Stead's last letter to Dr. Clifford. Whatever vague premonitions welled up from his subconsciousness, it is perfectly clear that neither in September, 1911, nor at any other time, did he have a definite warning that his earthly career would terminate in April, 1912.

what actually did take place in the clairvoyant interview when Miss Estelle Stead and Miss Scatcherd were present. There was nothing about a ship or drowning, *but* there was something about death by violence and crowds.

I have now given a variety of instances in relation to one prominent individual to lead to the conclusion that "coming events cast their shadows before." I think there can be little doubt in the matter. While this is true, I have no belief in fatalism, in concepts which take away from individual effort and human responsibility. I can conceive of a higher consciousness and a wider range of perception in the spiritual man becoming aware of and intuitively impressing the outer every-day man. I can believe that the outer man may be so actively occupied and so intent on carrying out some purpose as to be, for the time being, deaf and blind to that which is heard and seen by the spirit. But that is not fatalism.

Perhaps I am neither logical nor consistent. I do not pretend to the first, and until I know much more about the laws of life, being, and progress, I will not assume to be the second. There is much which I do not understand, and less I am able to interpret. *I am content to know every effect has a cause.* Properly considered there are no accidents, all is the result of law and order. I have no doubt the stars have their influence on earthly conditions. I can believe, too, my mind affects my body, head, produces

wrinkles at the corners of my eyes as I write, and lines in the palms of my hands. I do not believe, however, my destiny is fixed by one or any of these things, or that some men are destined to be great, noble and wise, others criminals, or myself a fool, in consequence. I believe within the universe and the human constitution there is room for the responsible play of human faculty, manly thought and action. I do not think man is an automaton. Stead was not, and although coming events *did* cast shadows in his case and ours, let us be wise in our day and generation, and work in harmony with God and Nature, as far as we know. If we do not know, we will be taught. If so, let us learn to make the best use of life, and our opportunities, as did Mr. Stead, and it will matter little whether we leave this life in our beds, or by a so-called accident.

Yes. Coming events cast their shadows before, and this is strikingly illustrated by the life, death and recorded facts of

W. T. STEAD'S RETURN.

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